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THE

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BY THE SEA.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Thou myriad-billowed, restless Sea!
Thou awe and terror of the lands
That match not thy immensity;
Blue trampler of their thousand strands.
With endless life—eternal power
Thou mock'st us mortal things of breath:
Ages to thee but as an hour,
Thou know'st not time, or change, or death!

Thy fellows are the eternal air,
The might of storms—the stars—the night,
The winds thy waste of waves that tear,
The sun, and the great joy of light.
These share thy life: these, but the nod
Of Him thou tremblest at, obey;
These tell with thee the power of God;
His ministers with thee are they.

Awful art thou when thou dost lie,
Sun-tawny, crouched upon thy sands,
Breathing the stillness of the sky,
Fawning upon the trembling lands.
Then, from thy couchant vastness, man
Such dumb and wondering terror drinks,
As through Thebes, hushed and ashen, ran,
Gazing upon the breathing Sphynx.

But when, beneath the awful skies,
Storm-darkened, in thy chainless might,
White with wild wrath, thou dost arise,
How are men scattered in thy sight!
Then woe to shore, the things of breath,
Mortals, by whom thy depths are trod;
Thou giv'st them and their vaunts to death;
They know thee for the scourge of God.

Dust of the dust, we come—we pass,
But fleeting shadows, of time born,
By time devoured, shades thou dost glass
In thy eternity—thy scorn.
Earth changes: ages are not; thou
Wert, art, and still shalt be the same,
Vast, boundless, changeless, endless now
As when light first upon thee came.

And still, as when through brooding night
The first grey sunrise heard thee raise
Thy thund'rous hymn, through dark, through light,
On high goes up thy voice of praise.
Thou symbol of thy Maker's power,
Thou giv'st to man's eyes, faint and dim,
His might—His majesty; each hour,
In calm, in storm, thou speak'st of Him.

Strength is in thy salt breath, oh, Sea!
Empire and knowledge—wealth and sway;
The might—the glory, born of thee,
The dull and shoreless lands obey.
Those whom the decks thou tossest throne,
These are to kingship crowned by thee,
Heirs of the rule thou mak'st their own,
Theirs who dare home with thee, oh, Sea!

Chainless thou art; thy shores are free;
Earth breathes in sternness with thy breath;
Chainless resolves are born of thee,
High thoughts and proud strong scorn of death.
Who face thy wrath, nor fear, have lost
The dread of aught that earth hath borne;
They who, on thy wide billows tost,
Pale not, man's terrors well may scorn.

World-girdler, how the earth's great hearts
Their awful greatness win from thee!
Lo! to what height their stature starts,
They who have been thy brood, oh, Sea!
Thy might into their souls has grown;
Thy vastness awes us in their names;
They are thy mighty ones—thy own,
With all thy grandeur in their fames.

What are the glories earth hath given
Unto her greatest, told with those
For which thy mighty ones have striven,
Those which thy mighty love bestows?
Columbus—Nelson—these, thine own,
Hast thou not given their names to be
Mightiest where'er thy might is known,
Sharers of thy eternity!

We are the playmates of thy waves,
Rocked into greatness on thy breast;
Thou giv'st us all things—riches, graves,
Conquests, and all thy wild unrest.
We feel thy salt spray in our veins,
Thy tameless spirit in our souls;
Through the free thoughts of our free brains,
Through our free speech thy thunder rolls.

Yet thou art death's; thou, too, shalt be
Its prey, with earth and time, at last.
We die to live; the heavens shall see
Thy end; thou, too, shalt join the past.
Greater, oh, Sea, are we than thou;
I, when thy mighty life is o'er,
I, deathless, then shall be as now,
Immortal, when thou art no more.

☞ "How is it," said a gentleman, to Sheridan, "that your name has not O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we owe everybody."

☞ Extreme Politeness.—Pickpocket to Policeman—"I say, your handkerchief is hanging out. You'll have your pocket picked if you don't take care."

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE FACE AGAIN.

A conflict was going on in the mind of Laura Chesney, striving for mastery. Should it be obedience or disobedience?

Mr. Carlyon had done as he said; he had spoken out boldly, and asked for Laura. Captain Chesney received it—well, the reader shall be told how he received it.

It was made at an hour when Jane and Laura were out. Mr. Carlyon had an instinctive conviction that Jane Chesney would be against him, and that, perhaps, induced him to speak when she was not in the way. He had paid his morning visit as usual to Captain Chesney, and then gone further up the hill to call on other patients; as he was returning, he saw the two Miss Chesneys come out of their gate and go towards the town. A moment's hesitating pause in his own mind, and then Mr. Carlyon turned in.

Lucy looked from the drawing-room door as he entered the hall.

"Have you come again, Mr. Carlyon? Papa's not worse, is he?"

"Oh, no, he is not worse. I am come to pay him a visit on my own account now."

Mr. Carlyon was making his way to the stairs, when Lucy arrested him; few children had more innate good breeding than Lucy Chesney.

"Would you please to wait in the drawing-room an instant first, while I send up Pompey. When papa is ill, he never likes to be disturbed without notice; even we scarcely dare to go in, unless he knocks for us. What shall Pompey say?" she added, for the man stood in the hall.

"Inquire if Captain Chesney can allow me five minutes' conversation," said Mr. Carlyon, turning to the servant; and then he entered the sitting-room with Lucy. "Are you drawing?" he asked, looking at the signs of employment on the table.

"Yes," replied Lucy. "I am so fond of drawing, especially landscapes, I am fonder of it than of music. Jane likes it, too, and is very clever; she teaches me."

"And Laura?" returned the surgeon.

"Laura does not draw. She only cares for music. I have to fill-in these trees before Jane comes home; she set me the task."

"You won't half do it," said Mr. Carlyon, looking down at the card board, at which Lucy was now working steadily. "You will be wanting to run away to play, long before that's done."

"I may want, perhaps, but I shall not do it. I would not disobey Jane. Besides, it is my duty to attend to my studies."

"Do you always do your duty?" inquired the surgeon, feeling inclined to laugh.

"Not always, I'm afraid. But I try to. Mr. Carlyon, I want to ask you something?"

"Ask away," said he.

Lucy Chesney laid down her pencil, and turned her sweetly earnest eyes on Mr. Carlyon; they were beaming just now with saddened light.

"Was it really, really true that that poor sick lady was poisoned wilfully?—that some wicked man put the prussic acid in the draught?"

The question appeared to excite the ire of Mr. Carlyon, and his pleasant mood changed. An impatient word escaped him, and it was scarcely suppressed.

"What have I done now?" exclaimed Lucy, in excessive wonder. "Ought I not to have asked it?"

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Lucy. The fact is, I have scarcely had a moment's peace since the inquest. One asking me questions, another asking me questions, a third worrying me to describe what happened. I think sometimes I shall be turned into prussic acid myself."

"But was it wilfully done?" persisted Lucy, in her anxious curiosity.

"That question had better be asked of Mr. Stephen Grey; he perhaps can answer it."

"The captain says Misser Doctor go up," interrupted the black servant, coming in, with his broken English; and Mr. Carlyon went.

Captain Chesney was better, but a prisoner still. He was, seated in state, as before, his legs on the rest; a table on one side him, bearing various articles he might want, and his stick at hand on the other.

"What are you back for?" he abruptly asked.

"Sir, I have a petition to make to you. I have hoped to do so for these many weeks, and now the time has come when I can no longer put it off. Before I enter upon it, I must be allowed a word of explanation as to who I am. My father is a medical man in London, in excellent practice, and at his death I shall expect to inherit something considerable—"

"Sir," interrupted the plain-spoken sailor, "wherefore tell me this? Were your father Chancellor of the Exchequer, and could endow you with the country's revenues, it would be no business of mine."

A flush rose to the brow of Mr. Carlyon.

"Permit me a moment yet, Captain Chesney. I am well established here, am getting into extensive practice—for the Greys are going down; and down they will go, after this fatal mistake of Mr. Stephen's. In a little time, sir, I expect to be netting a thousand pounds a year."

"But what is it all to me?" wondered the captain. "I'm sure you're welcome to it."

"I want one to share it with me, Captain Chesney; I want you to give her to me. Your daughter."

Mr. Carlyon spoke in a low tone of emotion, and it may be doubted whether the captain heard him aright. Certain it is, that he made no reply, but stared at Mr. Carlyon as if he had suddenly become moonstruck.

"I speak of Miss Laura," continued the surgeon. "Oh, Captain Chesney, give her to me! she shall want for nothing to make her happy, that it is in my power to bestow."

Captain Chesney wondered whether he himself had gone mad, or whether Mr. Carlyon had done so. He had a firm conviction that it must be one or the other. He no more believed it within the range of possibility that any common country practitioner should presume to aspire to an alliance with the aristocratic family of Chesney, than that he, the captain, should dare to aspire to one of the royal princesses. His stick trembled ominously, but did not as yet come down.

"What did you say, sir?" he demanded, with set teeth.

"Sir, I love your daughter; I love Laura Chesney as I have never yet loved, and never shall love again. Will you suffer me to make her my wife?"

Down came the stick in all its thunder, and out roared the captain's voice in accompaniment, shouting for Pompey. The black servant flew up, as if a blacker gentleman than he had been behind him.

"Was massa ill?"

"Ill!" chafed the captain. "*He* is!" he added, pointing the stick at Mr. Carlyon. "He's mad, Pompey; gone stark, staring mad; you've shut me up here with a mad fellow. Get him out of the house, somehow."

The bewildered Pompey stood in confusion. He knew his choleric master said anything [illegible] the presence of [illegible] calm, resolute face of Mr. Carlyon. The latter rose, cold and severe.

"Captain Chesney, I am a gentleman; and my proposal to you at least required courtesy. Have the kindness to favor me with an intelligible answer."

"I'll be dashed if you get any other answer from me. You *are* mad, sir; nobody but a fool or a madman would dream of what you have just been saying. Do you know, sir, that my daughter is a Chesney?"

"And I am a Carlyon. If the names come to be bandied, the one may prove equal, if not superior to the other."

"Why—goodness bless my soul!" retorted the amazed captain, "you—you are a common apothecary, sir—a dispenser of medicine! and you would aspire to a union with the family of Chesney?"

"I am a member of the Royal College of Surgeons," angrily repeated Mr. Carlyon, who was also beginning to lose his temper.

"If you were the whole college of surgeons rolled into one, their head, and their tail, and their middle, you wouldn't dare to glance at my daughter, had you any shame within you! Do you mean to show this gentleman out, you rascal?" added the inflamed captain, menacing with his stick the head of the unhappy Pompey.

"Door open, Misser Doctor," cried Pompey, but Mr. Carlyon motioned him away with a gesture of the hand.

"Captain Chesney, I have told you that I love your daughter; I have told you that my prospects are sufficiently assured to justify me in marrying. Once more I ask you—will you give her to me?"

"No, by Jove!" raved the captain, "I'd see your coffin walk first. Here—stop—listen to me: I'd rather see *her* in her coffin, than disgraced by your contact. You shall never wed Laura Chesney."

"What, if I tell you that her hopes—her life, I may almost say—are bound up in me?"

"What if I tell you, you are a bad and wicked man?" shrieked the captain. "How dared you take advantage of your being called into my house, professionally, to cast your covetous eye on any of my family? Was that gentlemanly, sir? was it the act of a man of honor? You confounded old idiot, standing there with your great goggle eyes, what possesses you to disobey me? Haven't I ordered you to show this—this person—to the door?"

The last two sentences, as the reader may divine, were addressed to the bewildered Pompey. Mr. Carlyon wore an awful expression of face just then. He took it with him, and stood before Captain Chesney, folding his arms.

"It is said in Scripture, that a woman shall leave father and mother, and cleave unto her husband. I would ask by what right, her affections being engaged, you deny me your daughter?"

"The right of power, sir," was the sarcastic retort. "And, now that I have answered, allow me to ask you one. By what right did you seek her affections? You came into my house with one ostensible object, and clandestinely, sneakingly, availed yourself of your footing in it, to pursue another! Begone, Mr. Surgeon; send me up your bill, when you get home, and never attempt to put your foot inside my door again, or to cast a thought to Miss Laura Chesney."

"That is easier said than done, Captain Chesney," concluded Mr. Carlyon, but he did turn to leave.

"Now you black villain, the door I say; and both of you may thank your stars that I am this day powerless, or your skins might learn what it is to beard a quarter-deck commander."

But Mr. Carlyon was already out, and Pompey also. A good thing that they were, for the stick of the roused captain came flying through the air after them, whether meant for one or the other, or both, the sender best knew. It struck the door-post and fell clattering on the floor, denting another dent into the gold top, which had already so many dents in it—as the meek and brow-beaten Pompey could testify.

Leaning against the door, shivering and sick, was Lucy Chesney. The noise had attracted her notice, and she flew up, but stopped there, too terrified to enter. She touched the arm of Mr. Carlyon.

"Oh tell me what has happened? I heard Laura's name; what has she done?"

Mr. Carlyon shook off her hand and moved forward, buried in thought. Before he had descended a stair or two, his recollection apparently came to him, and he went back to the child.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; it is nothing to tremble at. I made a proposition to Captain Chesney, and he forgot his good manners in answering it. It will be all right; mind, I tell you that it will, and you may tell Laura so, from me. Forgive my having passed you rudely, Lucy; at that moment I was not myself."

As Mr. Carlyon was going home, he met the Miss Chesneys. He raised his hat as he accosted them. A few common place sentences passed between himself and Laura; Jane standing haughtily by, wondering at his presumption in stopping them.

"Can I speak a word with you apart?" he suddenly demanded of Laura.

She blushed violently, and would have stepped aside with him, but Jane interposed.

"You can have nothing to say in private to Miss Laura Chesney, that may not be said in [illegible] Mr. Carlyon. I must beg leave to decline your request."

In direct defiance of her sister, Laura could not grant it; Mr. Carlyon saw that she could not, and his resolution was taken. He addressed Laura, allowing Miss Chesney to hear, but taking no more notice of her than if she was not by.

"I have been speaking to Captain Chesney. I have been asking for you—"

"Oh, Lewis," she involuntarily exclaimed.

"And he received my proposals as if they were an insult; he would not, in short, allow me to make them, or to enter into explanation. Laura, I can now only depend upon you."

She stood before him, her whole face glowing, frightened, but happy.

"But Rome was not built in a day," added Mr. Carlyon. "Brick was added to brick, stone to stone, mortar to mortar, pillar to pillar. Ill as Captain Chesney has this day received me, the time may come, when he will be induced to listen to us; we must both strive to subdue his prejudices."

Jane moved a step forward; she knew what her own course would be, had the proposition been made to her, and she had little doubt it must have been her father's.

"Has my father forbidden you the house, sir?"

"He has; but, as I say, I and your sister must hope to subdue his prejudices. Miss Chesney," he added, seizing her unwilling hand, "do not you be against us. I cannot give up Laura."

"You say 'against us,'" returned Jane. "In making use of those words, it would almost lead to a belief that my sister has an understanding with you. Is it so?"

It is," replied Mr. Carlyon, in a deep tone, "the understanding of *love*. Miss Chesney, it is no child's affection that she and I entertain for each other, but the ardent, never-dying passion of hearts awakened for the first time. You had better take our lives from us than separate us—it would be less cruel. Will you aid us to overcome the objection of Captain Chesney?"

"No," said Jane, in a low but firm tone.—"I am deeply grieved, deeply shocked, to hear you speak thus. What you are thinking of can never be"

"I see," returned Mr. Carlyon, in a cold accent, "you join in the prejudice against me."

Jane stood silent; she did not contradict him; and Mr. Carlyon, after waiting in vain for her to speak, suddenly caught Laura's hand, and pulled her aside with him, beyond reach of her sister's ear.

"My dearest, I am not to be admitted to your house again; but you shall hear from me. Be only true to me, Laura, true to me and to your own heart, and all will soon be well."

Thus a conflict was going on within the heart of Laura Chesney. Should it be obedience or disobedience? Should she persevere in the line of duty, and be obedient to her father, or should she quit her home in defiance, quit it clandestinely, to become the wife of Lewis Carlyon? Ay, reader, three or four weeks have gone on since the time Mr. Carlyon spoke, and the question has come to that. Captain Chesney had forbidden her in the most positive manner to give another thought to Mr. Carlyon; he had told her that, except in his professional capacity, he had a positive dislike to Mr. Carlyon, and, even had he been in a position to mate with the Chesneys, he would never have seen a daughter of his wife to him. Laura said nothing in reply; she apparently acquiesced; and the Captain deemed the affair done with; he little thought that Laura had fallen into the habit of secretly meeting Mr. Carlyon.

Somewhere about four weeks had elapsed since the death of Mrs. Crane, and the moon's rays were again gladdening the earth. But on the night of which we are about to write, they were weak and watery; dark clouds passed rapidly along the face of the sky, and sprinkling showers, threatening heavy rain, occasionally fell.

Stealing out at her father's door, came Laura Chesney. A huge dark shawl, carried over her head and falling low around her, enveloped and disguised her person. There was a narrow path at the side of the garden, leading from the servants' entrance, and she stole swiftly down it, secure of not being seen from the drawing-room windows, should they yet be open. She had gone to her room with headache, *as she said*, and requested her sisters not to disturb her. Captain Chesney, who was well now, was with them in the drawing-room.

Unheeding the drops which began again to fall, unheeding the many drops which fell when the low trees were shaken, Laura penetrated amidst the shrubs and trees at the foot of the garden. There, waiting for her in the usual meeting place, stood Mr. Carlyon. He opened his arms to receive her, and bent his head down till his fair hair mingled with hers, and rested on her cheek.

"Oh, Lewis! I thought I should never get away to-night. Papa was busy with his newspaper, and Jane would not make tea till he told her. I knew it was of no use my quitting them till I had taken a cup, or they would have been up in my room to bring it to me."

"One more night, my dearest, to get out from them unsuspected, and then it will be over."

"Yes, [illegible] from myself that it is an awful thing I am about to do; an awful thing, do you mind me?" she impressively added. "We have been brought up so obediently; we have never—"

"Like tame cats," interrupted Mr. Carlyon, "who dare not say their saucer of milk is their own. My darling, forgive me—what, did I pain you, Laura? Nay, if I spoke lightly, it was with a view to induce you to *think* lightly. You are taking too grave a view of this, altogether."

"Can we take too grave a view of quitting our father's home clandestinely, in direct defiance of his known will?" she returned, in a hushed tone.

"Yes, Laura, you can. When a parent is despotic and unreasonable, you have a right to break through your trammels. Laura, surely you are not wavering? You will not frustrate all our plans, and draw back at the last hour?"

"No, it is not that; but I feel frightened as the time approaches near. I do feel, Lewis, that I shall be doing wrong."

The tears began to rain plentifully from her eyes, and Mr. Carlyon kissed them away. He used specious arguments and false sophistries, such as he had used before; such as Laura Chesney had weakly listened to.

"In mercy to me, you must not draw back," he concluded; "*I* could not live without you, Laura."

Perhaps Laura felt that she could not live without him. She suffered herself to be soothed, to be satisfied; her scruples melted away, one by one, and she grew absorbed in discussing their plans for the future, for the immediate future, be it understood.

But it grew late; time for Mr. Carlyon to be away, and for Laura to be indoors again, lest she should be missed. Mr. Carlyon, with many an embrace and many another, at length quitted her. Laura remained for a few minutes where she was, to still the beating of her agitated heart, to live over again the sweet, stolen interview; a few hours, and, if all went well, she should belong to him forever.

The place where she stood was thick with shrubs, some as high as her own head, some higher, and with trees higher still, yet in their infancy, but affording already a secure shelter. It was pretty dry there, and she had suffered the shawl to fall from her shoulders, she had heeded not where. But now she turned to look for it, and just at that moment the moon burst from behind a cloud, and Laura looked up at its glitter through the leaves of the trees.

Gathering up the shawl, she had thrown it round her, when a faint cry escaped her lips, and every pulse within her stood still. There, amidst the trees, stood something watching her, something that bore the form of a human being, and it struggled itself forward and came nearer, near enough to speak in a whisper, and be heard:

"Laura Chesney, what have you to do with Lewis Carlyon?"

She stood paralyzed with fright, with awe, leaning against the stem of a tree, and saying nothing, her hands clutching the shawl, and her eyes dilated.

"Have nothing to do with Lewis Carlyon," went on the figure; "if you care for your own happiness, perhaps your life; have nothing to do with him. Ask him what he did to Clarice. Ask him if he deals in poison."

With the faintest possible rustling, the figure and the voice died away to her sight and hearing. Laura Chesney felt as if her own heart, almost her life, were dying with it.

Now it happened that Mr. Carlyon, after letting himself out at the gate, remembered a word he had forgotten to say to Laura, touching certain plans of theirs for the following evening. He had gone a few paces down the road, but he retraced them, put his hand over the gate, pressed the spring, and turned in again. But a few yards from him, right in front of the path, enveloped in what looked like a travelling cloak and cap, stood a man, a stout and very short man—as it seemed to Mr. Carlyon. Conscious that he was not upon Captain Chesney's premises on pursuits of the most honorable nature, the surgeon's first thought was to push amidst the trees and hide himself: but at that moment the stranger raised his cap, and to Mr. Carlyon's horror he saw beneath it the face he had seen once before.

It was the same face he had seen on the staircase the night of his patient's death, the same severe face, with its intensely black whiskers, and its ghastly white skin. A creeping horror, as if the dead were about him, overspread Mr. Carlyon: he knew not whether the figure before him was ghostly or human: he leaned his brow for one single instant to recover self-possession; and, when he looked up, the figure was gone.

Gone where? Mr. Carlyon could not say, could not think. That it had not come down the path, was certain, because it must have brushed past him; and it was equally certain it had not gone on to the house-door, or it would not yet have been out of sight; neither was he disposed to think it had disappeared amidst the trees, for he had heard no sound of their being moved. He had hitherto considered himself a brave man, a man bolder than the common run, but he was strangely shaken now. The same undefined terror which had unnerved him that other night, unmanned him this. It was not a fear that he could take hold of, and grapple with: it was a vague, shadowy dread, perfectly undefined to his mind, perfectly indistinct, one moment presenting the semblance of a real tangible fear, that might be run from or guarded against; the next, wearing to his conviction but the hues of a fanciful superstition. Never, in all his life, had Mr. Carlyon believed in ghostly appearances, he would have been one of the first to laugh at and ridicule those who did: most singular, then, was it, that the face he had seen that ill-fated night had conjured up a superstitious fear in his own mind of its being a visitant from the other world; and the same idea arose, uncalled for, now.

With a face quite as ghastly as the one he had seen, and shaking nerves, which he strove in vain to steady, Mr. Carlyon, after a few moments' respite, penetrated to the spot where he had left Laura Chesney. Not to her did he purpose breathing a syllable of what had passed: what then was his astonishment to find her dart up to him, clasp him tightly for protection, and burst into deep sobs, evidently in the very extreme of terror.

"Laura, my love, what means this?"

"Oh, Lewis, did you see it? did you see it? That figure which has been here."

Mr. Carlyon's heart beat as violently as hers: but still he would not betray it.

"What figure, Laura?"

"I don't know: I don't know who or what it was. It was behind me, amidst the trees, and I saw it when I turned to look after my shawl. At the first moment I thought it was a woman, and its voice sounded like a woman's, but then I thought it was a man: I don't know which it was."

"It's voice!" repeated Mr. Carlyon: "did it speak?"

"It spoke, and that was the worst: it warned me against you. Otherwise I might have thought it some curious passer-by, who had heard us speaking, and came intruding in at the gate to look. Oh, Lewis!" she added, with a burst of agitation that almost shook Mr. Carlyon as well as herself, "it is not true, is it? Lewis! Lewis!"

"Hush, Laura, you will attract attention and betray us, if you give way like that," he remonstrated, as he strove tenderly to soothe her. "Be calm, and tell me what you mean. Is what true?"

"It—I say 'it,' because I don't know whether it was a man or a woman—it warned me against you: it told me that I must have nothing to do with Lewis Carlyon: that if I valued my own happiness, perhaps my life, I should not."

"Some envious fool who has penetrated our secret, and would step between us," interrupted Mr. Carlyon, in a tone of scorn.

"Hear me out," she whispered. "It told me to ask you what you had done with Clarice: to ask if you dealt in poison."

Mr. Carlyon stood as one transfixed—as one confounded. "What Clarice?" he presently uttered. "Who is Clarice?"

"I don't know," wailed Laura Chesney. "Do you know any one of the name?"

"I do not know any Clarice in the world," returned Mr. Carlyon.

"But about the poison?" shivered Laura, "what could it mean? 'Ask him if he deals in poison?'"

"I suppose it meant 'deals in drugs,'" was the answer. "A medical man, in general practice, must deal in such. Was it a pale face, Laura, with black whiskers?"

"I could not see distinctly, except that the

face was ashy pale—or perhaps it only looked so in the moonlight. Why? Have you seen it?"

"I believe I have seen it twice," whispered Mr. Carlyon, in a dreamy tone of self-communing, more as if he forgot Laura was present, than as if he gave her an answer. "I saw it outside the lady's room door the night of her death; and I saw it but this minute, as I was coming back to you."

"The face you saw outside the lady's room?—oh, I remember hearing of it. It never could be the same face," she added, relapsing into another fit of trembling: "what should bring that face here?"

"I know not," replied Mr. Carlyon: and it seemed that he was trembling too. "I am not sure, Laura, that it is either man or woman: I am not sure but it is a ghostly apparition."

"Where did you see it? Where did it go?"

"I saw it in the path, but I did not see where it went. It seemed to vanish. It is either that, or some base villain, some sneaking spy, who steals into houses for his own wicked purposes, and deserves the halter. What should bring him here, here on your father's premises? Was he dodging my steps? or yours?"

"Lewis, whose was the face, that night?"

"I would give half my allotted life to know."

"There was a suspicion that *he* poisoned the draught. I am sure I heard so."

"Just as he would poison the happiness of our lives," exclaimed Mr. Carlyon, in agitation—"as he would have poisoned your mind against me. Laura, you must choose between me and him: between his insidious falsehoods and my love."

"Do not speak in that way," she passionately uttered, "the whole world could not poison me against you. Oh, Lewis, my best-beloved, soon to be my husband! do not be angry with me that I repeated his words: had I kept them to brood over alone, they would only have rankled in my heart."

"Angry with you!" he murmured, as he strained her face to his, "not angry with you, my dearest, but with that wicked one, who would have tried to separate us. One more night and day, my darling, and then we may defy him, and all the world."

Laura stole back to the house by the side path, Mr. Carlyon watching her till she gained it: he then departed and bent his steps to his home. But as he went down the road, lying so fanciful and still—still in the calm night, in its freedom at that hour from passengers, fanciful with its quaint patches of light and shade—Mr. Carlyon walked as though he feared an enemy at every turn. Now he peered before him, now he glanced behind him, now he half turned to see what might be by his side: and once as an old hare, lurking in the hedge, sprang out before him, and scudded to the field opposite, he positively started from it with a sudden cry. Strangely unnerved that night was Mr. Carlyon.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LETTERS.

An incident caused some surprise at the house of Captain Chesney on the following morning. When the letters were delivered there were three, one for Captain Chesney, another for Miss Chesney, and the third was directed to "The Right Honorable The Earl of Oakburn." Pompey brought them in while they were at breakfast, presenting them to Jane. She took them off the waiter as they lay; the first for her papa, which she at once gave him, the second was her own, and the third the one for Lord Oakburn. The two latter she laid by her, for Captain Chesney had pounced upon his, and was deep in its contents, and Jane would not interrupt him till he had finished it.

Presently he looked up.

"Both of those for you, Jane?"

"Not both, papa. One is directed to Lord Oakburn; look at it. I cannot make it out."

Captain Chesney stretched out his hand for the letter.

"He must be coming here, Jane. Very condescending, I'm sure," growled the captain; "an honor he has not vouchsafed me since he was at Eton. What's he coming for, I wonder?"

Jane took alarm.

"Coming here! do you think so, papa? We have nothing fit to receive him; no establishment, no accommodation! Can he be coming to stay?"

"If he comes, he must just take things as he finds them. I shan't put myself out of the way; neither need you. 'Not able to do it, my lord,' I shall say to him, 'Frank Chesney's too poor; had his family bestirred themselves, old Frank might have carried his head a notch higher.' All you need do, is to see that he has a shake-down, a hammock slung for him somewhere; I suppose there's a room to spare; and, for the rest, let him take what he finds."

"Still I cannot think why he should be coming," remarked Jane.

"Whew!" whistled the captain, as if an idea had struck him. "I can understand it. He's down at Chesney Oaks, for a guinea, and is coming cutting across the country on some business or other. Coming to Great Wemnock for a day or two probably, and so makes a convenience of my house to order his letters addressed here. What's the post-mark of the letter, Jane?"

Jane Chesney turned the letter over, and made out the mark "Pembury." It was the post-town in the vicinity of the Earl of Oakburn's seat, Chesney Oaks.

"He had probably started, then, and this is being sent after him," remarked Jane. "I suppose he knew our address here, papa."

"What should hinder his knowing it?" retorted the captain; "d'ye think I put my head under a bushel, when I moved to this neighborhood? And didn't I write to him from here, the other week, when his wife died? He'll be wanting another wife soon, so you had better look out, Miss Laura, and set your cap at him, when he comes. You wouldn't make a bad countess."

The grim sailor had spoken in jest, for, to give him his due, he was not capable of the meanness of scheming for his daughters; but it seemed to him that Laura took it in earnest. She had sat silent over her nearly untasted breakfast, but her father's words caused her to lift her head, and her face flushed a vivid crimson. The captain laughed; he thought his random shaft had told home to her vanity, exciting pleasant visions of a peeress's coronet; but Jane, who had also seen the sudden blush, attributed it to a different cause, and one that pleased her not.

"Papa," cried Lucy, "how far is Chesney Oaks from this?"

"About thirty miles, pet."

"I think I ought to have holiday to-day, as Lord Oakburn is coming," continued the child, glancing at Jane.

"Wait till he comes," said the captain. "He's as uncertain as the wind, and may not be here for a day or two. He may"—the captain drew up his head and his shirt collar at the thought—"he *may* be coming to consult me on business matters connected with the estate, for I am—yes, I am—the next heir, now he's a single man again. Not that I shall ever inherit; he is twenty-five, and I am fifty-nine. Have you the headache this morning, Laura?"

Again came the rush of red to her face; what self-conscious feeling was causing it?

"No I have not, papa. Why?"

"You look as silent and down as if you had fifty headaches. Jane, we must have soup to-day, in case he arrives."

Breakfast over, the captain strolled out. Jane placed the letter for Lord Oakburn on the mantle-piece, gave Lucy certain lessons to attend to, and then followed Laura to her room.

It happened, the previous evening, sometime after Laura had quitted the drawing-room to lie down, as she said, with headache, that Jane missed an embroidery pattern. Believing that Laura must have taken it with her, she went to ask her for it. But Laura was not in her bed-room. Jane could not find her anywhere, and she went to the kitchen. Pompey was there alone.

"Pompey, have you seen anything of Miss Laura?"

Pompey was, as the saying runs, taken to. He had had his eyes and ears open for some little time, and had not been unconscious of Miss Laura's stolen interviews outside the house in the dusk of evening. Pompey had no idea of making mischief, and old Pompey was fond of pretty Miss Laura, fond of her as if she had been a child of his own; but neither had Pompey an idea of denying any information that Miss Chesney asked for. So Pompey stood and stared, in bewildered indecision, but never spoke.

"I ask you," repeated Miss Chesney, with a somewhat impatient accent, for she was growing uncomfortable, certain anxieties, touching Laura, being very present to her just then, "whether you know where Miss Laura is. Tell me if you do."

"She there, Missee," replied Pompey, at length, pointing towards the garden. "She not catch cold; she got great big shawl over *her*."

"*Who is with her! Pompey, I ask you,* who is with her?"

She spoke with quiet authority, authority that might not be gainsayed, certainly not by poor Pompey.

"I think it Misser Doctor; but she no stay over long with him, Missee; she never does."

Jane Chesney turned from the kitchen, feeling as if an avalanche had fallen and crushed her; feeling as if any avalanche that would fall and crush them all forever, would be welcome, rather than that Laura should degrade herself to meet in secret Mr. Carlyon. She watched and saw Laura rush in and go to her room; no opportunity occurred for her speaking to her that night.

But now Jane had gone up to do it. As she entered the room, she found that Laura had flung herself upon the bed, and had her hands pressed upon her temples.

"Laura," said Jane, in a low tone, "this must end."

Laura sprang off the bed, startled to composure.

"I feel tired this morning," she stammered.

"I say, Laura, this must end. You have permitted yourself, you have degraded yourself, to meet in secret that man Carlyon. Oh, Laura, what infatuation can have fallen over you?"

Laura laid her hand heavily upon her chest, to still its beating, but she strove to speak bravely.

"Who says I have? What will you accuse me of next?"

"Evening after evening you steal out, I find, to meet him. Last night I searched for you, and heard you were outside. I watched you in, Laura, with your disguising shawl over your head. Laura, my dearest sister, I do not want to speak harshly; I only pray you, for your own sake, to break off all intimacy with that man; even were other circumstances favorable, he could never make you happy."

"It is a strange prejudice that you have taken against Mr. Carlyon."

"I am not singular; papa dislikes him also: what do you promise yourself by prolonging this intimacy with him?"

Laura hesitated, colored, and then answered evasively,

"Mr. Carlyon speaks of marriage; in time; when all your prejudices shall be overcome."

"Laura, do not cherish it, do not glance at it. Our prejudices to Mr. Carlyon can never be overcome. And I tell you that you would not be happy."

"We must wait and see. If the worst comes to the worst, and you all remain obdurate, we must then—we must then—join common cause against you."

Laura spoke with agitation, but not with the agitation that now overpowered Jane Chesney. Her lips were white, her throat was working, as she took her sister's hands and clasped them in hers.

"You do not know what you say; never so speak again, for you cannot weigh your words. I pray you—Laura, by the remembrance of our dead mother, I pray you—never let so mistaken a thought come over you, as that of quitting clandestinely your father's house to become a wife. A marriage, entered into in defiance and disobedience, could never prosper.—Pray for guidance," Jane added, in a whisper, "pray now, to be enabled to do right, and never fear but you will be helped; your unsettled mind will become calm again, your days serene, if you only pray for it."

She kissed Laura, and left her, and the latter burst into a passionate flood of tears. Never had the conflict between right and wrong been so great within her as at that moment. Should she set her father, her friends, her duty at defiance? Or should she decline to follow the fortunes of Mr. Carlyon?

As Jane descended the stairs she saw her father come in at the gate and walk quickly towards the house; almost in the same moment a blow, a crash of glass, and a shriek of terror came from below. Jane flew down the stairs, Judith, who lived with them now, rushed forth from the kitchen, and Pompey, his great eyes glaring, emerged from some peculiar sanctum of his own, consecrated to knives and boots.—They stared at each other in the hall.

"Who is it? What has happened?" uttered Jane; "I thought it was you, Pompey, amidst the bottles."

"Don't stand there asking who it is, like a pack of helpless marines!" burst forth the choleric captain, as he came flinging into the hall. "It's Lucy, and she has fallen through the drawing-room window, and perhaps killed herself."

The drawing-room window was made after the French fashion, the glass descending to the ground and opening to the lawn. Lucy Chesney, observing her father come in at the gate, started up, girl-like, to hear if he brought news of Lord Oakburn: she ran heedlessly, her foot tripped upon the carpet, and she fell with her arms against the window, breaking two of its panes.

The palm of one hand was cut, and the inside of the other wrist. They raised her and placed her in a chair, but the wrist bled dreadfully. Judith grew pale.

"There may be an artery divided, sir," she whispered to Captain Chesney: "if so, she may bleed to death."

Laura came in at the moment, and shrieked out at the sight of the blood.

"You rascal! you sinner! to stand there gaping when the child's dying!" exclaimed Captain Chesney. "Be off, will you, and fetch help!"

"Is it Misser Carlyon I'm to fetch?" asked the unlucky Pompey.

Down came the captain's stick, saving Pompey's head by barely an inch.

"That villain Carlyon! No, not if the whole house were dying together. Fetch Mr. Grey, and make a rush for it. Hark ye, you animal, don't go and bring the brother who poisoned the lady's draught; he shouldn't come within a mile of me: fetch the other one."

"There he is! there he is!" burst forth Judith, as she saw Mr. John Grey drive by in his gig. And nearly upsetting Pompey, she tore out, down the garden path, calling after him to the full extent of her lungs.

Mr. Grey heard her, and his groom pulled up. He hastened in with Judith, when he found what was the matter. In ten minutes the wounds were washed, and strapped together with adhesive plaster. Lucy had not fainted, but she had cried very much with terror.

"Shall I die? Shall I die?" she asked of Mr. Grey, her little heart beating.

"No, of course not," replied he. "What made you think of that?"

"I heard them talk about my dying, I am sure I did, and I heard them say the artery was divided. Does that kill people?"

"Not always," said Mr. Grey. "Keep your hands still, like a brave little girl."

"Are you sure I shall not die?"

"Quite sure; you are not in any danger. Look here," added he, turning up his coat sleeve and wristband, and exhibiting his wrist to Lucy, while the others stood around, the captain in rather a subdued mood, "do you see that scar?"

"Yes, sir," was Lucy's answer.

"Well, once, when I was younger than you, I fell against a window, just as you have done, and cut it. There was danger in my case, and shall I tell you why? The cut divided the artery—though who has made you so wise about arteries," added Mr. Grey, smiling, "I don't know. But you see, Miss Lucy—I think I have heard them call you, Lucy, and I like the name, it was my mother's—you see, where there is great danger, there is generally great help. My father was in the room when I did it, and he was a surgeon, therefore he took up the artery immediately and the danger was past. Now, with this foolish little hurt of yours, although the strappings of diachylon look so formidable, there has not been any danger, for the artery is not divided. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, "and I believe you. I shall not be afraid now. Shall you come in and see me again?"

"I will come in this afternoon, just to see that the plasters remain in their places. And now good-bye, and be sure you keep your hands still."

"I think there must be holiday after this," smiled Jane.

"Oh, decidedly holiday," returned Mr. Grey, nodding pleasantly to Lucy. "Nursing to-day, lessons to-morrow."

Captain Chesney went out with him, and put his arm within his—a rare condescension for the captain, and one that proved he had taken an uncommon fancy to Mr. Grey.

"She will do well, Captain Chesney, and I am glad I happened to be passing. It might have been an awkward accident."

"Sir, I thank you," said the captain, "and sir, I see that you are a gentleman, and one to be esteemed. And I can only regret one thing."

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Grey.

"That I ever took up with that fool of a Carlyon. I dislike him, sir, and he shall never darken my door again: he has proved *himself* anything but a gentleman. He's not fit to tie your shoes, Mr. Grey, I can tell you that."

Mr. Grey laughed, ascended to his gig and drove away. He knew that with some Mr. Carlyon was a great favorite, if he was not with the captain.

Lucy, within doors, was also discussing the relative merits of the two medical men.

"How glad I am it was Mr. Grey!" she uttered to her sisters: "how very different he is from Mr. Carlyon!"

"Which do you like best, Lucy?" returned Jane.

"Which! Why Mr. Grey of course. I like Mr. Grey very, very much: and I don't like Mr. Carlyon."

"The house seems determined to be against Mr. Carlyon to day," spoke up Laura, resentfully. "Why don't you like him, pray?"

"Because I don't," was Lucy's answer; a child's reasoning.

"Because Jane has set you against him! why don't you speak out the honest truth?"

"Jane has never set me against Mr. Carlyon, Laura. I can't tell you why I don't like him; sometimes I think it's his eyes, and then I think it's not—his eyes," added Lucy, at which Laura burst into a laugh; "but, this I am sure of—that Mr. Carlyon can tell stories when he pleases."

"Has he told you any? Let us hear."

"He has not told me any. I can see it in his face. Judith," added the child, "do you like Mr. Grey?"

"Oh, yes, miss," replied Judith, who was washing the stain from the carpet.

"And do you like Mr. Carlyon?"

"I can't say I do, Miss Lucy, what little I have seen of him; but I have not seen Mr. Carlyon many times. I don't think he does look a truthful man."

Laura flung away; she would not stop to hear their adverse opinions of Mr. Carlyon.

The evening post brought another letter for the Earl of Oakburn, though the day had not brought the earl himself. Jane had caused a room to be prepared for him, in case he arrived. They dined at five, as usual, for Captain Chesney would not wait. After dinner the captain strolled out again, and it was while he was out that the second letter came for the earl. Jane saw that it bore the London postmark. Mr. John Grey called in when it was dusk, not having been able to get up earlier.

As he stood at the table, talking to Jane, Lucy sitting in an easy-chair at the window, his eye happened to fall on the letter that lay there, directed to the Earl of Oakburn.

"Do you know the earl?" he exclaimed, the remark appearing to escape him involuntarily.

"Yes," replied Jane. "We are related to him."

"Then perhaps you can tell me how he is?"

"I suppose he is well. We have been expecting him here all day."

"Expecting him here to-day!" repeated Mr. Grey, in an accent of astonishment. "I beg your pardon, Miss Chesney, I believe I cannot have caught your meaning."

"We have been expecting Lord Oakburn here since the morning," resumed Jane, "and we still expect him to sleep. This letter and another have come to await him."

"I—suppose—some—mistake—in—delivering—parcels—an error," returned Mr. Grey, in a tone that seemed to say he did not fully comprehend Miss Chesney. "Lord Oakburn is dangerously ill; ill almost unto death. Two days ago very slight hopes indeed were entertained of him."

"What is the matter with him?" exclaimed Jane, puzzled in her turn, and looking as if the letter must contradict Mr. Grey's assertion. "Is he at Chesney Oaks?"

"He is lying at Chesney Oaks, ill of typhus fever. I know it in this way. The day before yesterday I had to go fifteen miles from this, to meet a physician from Pembury; we were to meet half way. He did not come, but sent a friend, another medical man, who explained to me that the first was detained by the alarming illness of Lord Oakburn. He has been staying at Chesney Oaks since the funeral of the countess, went into a house where the fever was raging, and caught it. On the day I met this gentleman he told me that a few hours would probably terminate his life."

Jane was silent, silent from positive bewilderment. Lucy spoke up from her chair.

"But, Mr. Grey, if Lord Oakburn should not be coming, why should people send letters to him here?" Lucy felt dreadfully disappointed; she had been anticipating great pleasure from the visit of Lord Oakburn.

"That is what I am thinking of," said Jane. "It is not only one letter, it is two; the one is from Pembury, the other from London. Unless Lord Oakburn should be intending to come here, why should letters be sent to meet him?"

"You may rely upon it that the Lord Oakburn who was lying ill at Chesney Oaks is not intending to come here yet awhile, Miss Chesney. Probably you may know the next heir?"

"Papa is the next heir," said Jane.

"Captain Chesney is the next heir to the Earldom of Oakburn?" quickly repeated Mr. Grey.

"Yes he is."

"Then, my dear young lady, it is explained," he returned, looking gravely at her. "I fear that the young earl is dead; and that these letters have come to your father, as Earl of Oakburn."

There was but too much reason to anticipate that this must be the correct view of the affair. Jane Chesney felt so, when she came to consider it over. Soon after Mr. Grey's departure Captain Chesney came in.

"No news of Oakburn yet?" cried he, as he entered.

"Papa," said Jane, her pulses beating as she went up to him, beating at the thought of the probable news she had to impart, "I believe we have been laboring under a mistake in expecting the earl. Mr. Grey says that he was lying at Chesney Oaks two days ago, dangerously ill of typhus fever, and was not expected to live many hours. Mr. Grey thinks he may be dead, and that these letters are for you; not for him."

Captain Chesney stared at Jane, and then he made her go over it again, and repeat exactly what Mr. Grey had said.

"I'll risk it Jane, and open one of the letters," he decided, after consideration; "give me the one that came this morning."

Jane handed it to him, and Captain Chesney opened it; opened it and read it through. It was from the steward at Chesney Oaks.

"It is true, Jane," said the captain, with something very like a sob, as he laid it down. "The poor fellow is gone, and I am Earl of Oakburn."

Then all was bustle. The earl (as we must henceforth call Captain Chesney) was required at Chesney Oaks, the steward having written to request his immediate presence.

"Then why didn't the idiot write to me by my own name?" cried he, with a touch of customary choler. "I shall go off at once, without shirts or shaving tackle, or anything else, Jane, and you must send what I want after me to-morrow, by Pompey. If I can get a chaise or a gig at the Lion, I may catch the nine o'clock train. There, there, don't stop me, girls; a kiss apiece, and give Laura one for me. There's no knowing where she is."

Lucy ran to the foot of the stairs; the hall lamp was just lighted.

"Laura, Laura," she called out. "Come down and say good-bye to papa. He is going away."

There was no response, and the new peer, deaf to Jane's fears that he might catch the fever, came out of his drawing-room.

"Let her be, Lucy, she's gone to sleep, and I have not a minute to stop. Ask her how she likes being my Lady Laura."

He swung on his cloak, and walked down the gravel walk with a rapid step. Jane and Lucy watched him through the gate, by the light of the moon, and then Jane went upstairs to find Laura and impart the tidings to her.

She could not find her; she was not in her room, she was not in any other, that Jane could see.

"Out there with Mr. Carlyon again!" she murmured; "I will go after her, for it *shall* not be!"

Jane Chesney went out; she searched the garden; she searched the grove of trees; she called to Laura, but she called in vain, for no one answered; neither Laura nor Mr. Carlyon could be found.

"She must have gone out walking with him!" wailed Jane.

For one hour, two hours, Jane watched and waited for her return, but Laura came not.—And it was not till the time was far advancing upon midnight, that the appalling truth rushed upon the conviction of Jane. Laura Chesney had quitted her father's home!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860

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OPEN OR SHUT.

Every one who has travelled frequently in railroad cars,—and who has not in the United States?—must have witnessed at some time, a scene like that described in the following article from the *Journal of Commerce*:—

A SCENE IN THE CARS.—A circumstance which took place in one of the cars of the Hudson River Railroad Company, on Christmas day, and in which a lady was involved, suggests some inquiry respectings the *rights* of passengers in railway cars. The facts are as follows:

Scene 1. A lady and gentleman occupied one of the seats, and the former, a fair blonde who might be married or single, according to circumstances, being at a suitable age for either of these happy conditions, persisted in keeping the window open, much to the discomfort and annoyance of an elderly and respectable-looking gentleman, in the seat behind her. The wind blew in almost a gale, causing a great fluttering of the ribbons and finery of the fair one, and threatening to inflict a cold, a cough, and possibly incipient consumption upon the elderly gentleman in question.

Elderly gentleman, after several remarks to his friends loud enough for the lady to hear, and in which he spoke his mind rather freely about the discomfort imposed upon him, asked the gentleman in the lady's company to put the window down, and met with a refusal. Evidently a little *riled*, he undertook to put it down himself; lady's gloved hands resisted, but masculine strength was too much for them, and the window came down with a bang. Lady declared that she paid for her seat, and had a *right* to raise the window. Elderly gentleman said she had no right to cause inconvenience to others. Lady asked if elderly gentleman was a stockholder, and was told it was none of her business. Several gentlemen gallantly said they thought the lady had a right to have the window up. Lady said she thought so, too, "*and what is more, I will have it up;*" and suiting the action to the word, up it went with an emphasis.

Scene 2. Conductor appears collecting tickets. Elderly gentleman appeals to him to have the window put down. Conductor politely speaks to lady about it. She says it must not be put down. Several gallant gentlemen, among them some distinguished New York merchants, interfere, and declare the window *shall not go down.* Elderly gentleman threatens to report Conductor if he *don't* put it down. Lady threatens to report Conductor if he *does* put it down. Several gentlemen declare that he *cannot* put it down. Conductor thinking discretion the better part of valor, tells them to "fight it out," and leaves the car. Thus the lady triumphed, as ladies always do in such cases.

The above is a clear statement of a real case. Now which was right—legally we mean—or according to railroad regulations? Most gentlemen can easily determine what they would have done—they would have left their seat and found one elsewhere, or remained standing, rather than quarrel with a lady. But what were the rights of the parties?

It is, we think, an easy matter to determine the "*rights*" of the respective parties in a case like the above. The common and sensible usage—which makes right in the absence of positive law—is undoubtedly for the individual who sits next to a window to control it at his or her pleasure, as being the party most immediately interested; and, if any *right* in the case were to be established by law or by railroad regulation, this undoubtedly would be the best settlement of the question. For, if such person has not the right to close or open the window, who can have? Not any other single person, it is evident. Not the majority of those in the car, for that majority might be ever fluctuating, and it would be unfair to allow persons at one end of the car, to decide upon a question which concerned only a few at the other end—besides, such a majority regulation would be impracticable. As a "right," therefore, it should be held, and *is* held, to be that of the individual who sits next to the window, to open or close it at his or her pleasure.

But, it may be asked, is there no remedy then, in case one obstinate person sitting by a window, persists in keeping it open to the great discomfort, if not injury, of half-a-dozen others sitting near him? We reply that the only remedy we know of, is to move your seat—or, when there is no other seat vacant, to take your choice between sitting in a draught, or standing where there is none. We see no other remedy in such cases—unless, indeed, the conductors be authorized by the companies to interfere in *very extreme* instances of the kind.

As a practical question, however, the matter is not attended with any very great difficulties—except where foolish or pig-headed people are concerned. Having been in the habit of using the railroad cars daily for the last eight or nine years, we consider ourselves competent to speak with authority in this matter. We give it as the result of our experience, that not one time in twenty will the person sitting by an open window refuse to close it, if requested to do so in a reasonable and courteous manner. In fact, we have yet to meet with the *first* case of *such* a refusal.

We grant that we have seen repeated quarrels upon this subject, some that came very near to blows; but, in every case, however unreasonable the person at the window was in opening it, the individual who wished it closed was even more failing in good sense and good manners. Take, for instance, the very case before us, as told in the account we have quoted. What a pity that the "elderly and respectable looking gentleman" should have lived to his years, and not known better how to succeed with a woman! Suppose, as his very first move, instead of the "several remarks to his friends *loud enough for the lady to hear*, and in which he *spoke his mind rather freely*," he had simply manifested the courtesy of a well-bred gentleman, and addressed himself at once to the lady herself, or her companion. Suppose that he had said, in a kind and courteous tone:—"Madam, I am an old gentleman, somewhat given to colds and rheumatics—would it inconvenience you very greatly to close that window?" Our word for it, his sentence would not have been concluded, before the "fair blonde's" hand would have been upon the catch. But, if you go the wrong way about a thing, and preface your request with a *quasi* insult, and then make it in a gruff, discourteous tone, you may expect from any one except a *perfect* lady or gentleman, such treatment as the old "gentleman" in this instance received from the "fair blonde."

We do not justify or admire the conduct of the "fair blonde" in question. Had she been a lady of the first water, she would probably have turned to the old gentleman upon hearing the first mutterings of his distant thunder, excused herself for her seeming thoughtlessness of the comfort of others, and closed the window at once. Then there would have been a pleased smile on all the bearded faces for several seats around, and every gentleman would have said to himself, "That is a genuine lady! none of your plated, pinchbeck affairs." It is not safe, however, to count upon your female article turning out in that way—such specimens are not as common as they should be; although to say that they are not to be met with frequently, and even very frequently, would be a gross slander upon the women of America—judging, of course, as we only can judge, by those that we have known.

We have often noted, while travelling in the cars, as an amusing difference between the sexes, that women in cold weather generally prefer that the windows should be open, and men that they should be shut. The reason of this difference we take to be, that men suffer more from cold than they do from any impurity of the air; while with women it is precisely the reverse. In other words, men generally have larger and stronger lungs than women; while women are plumper than men, and therefore better protected from the cold. The same draught that a man shrinks from, a woman thinks delightful; while the close, impure air that would almost cause many a woman to faint, a man's stout lungs will hardly notice.

A knowledge of these peculiarities of the sexes, may teach each, in railroad cars and

other places, more tolerance for the other. A lady often raises a window in a car, because she feels as if she would sicken if she did not; a man often closes a window, because he fears a long spell of neuralgia or rheumatism as the effect of the cold air. Choosing between the two, this may be said: that the illness the lady fears is generally one of only transient importance—one which an hour's fresh air, perhaps a minute's, may remove, and leave no permanent injury behind it; while the cough, neuralgia, and rheumatism the man fears, are things which are not easily recovered from, but may be of months' and even years' duration.

Young girls, too, often have a foolish, thoughtless way of seeking the mere momentary gratification of a little cool fresh air, heedless of the risk of permanent ill-health they are running. Neuralgia, judging by our own limited experience, is much more frequent among women than men; and, if it be so, we think one reason is, the far greater carefulness with which men generally avoid a draught of air. We have frequently seen a slight-made young miss raise a window in a car, in order to enjoy the dangerous luxury of fresh air, and some stout, muscular, hearty man immediately rise and seek another seat, to avoid the draught which the young lady is courting!—The man likes the fresh air just as well—but his judgment and experience tell him that there is as much danger in that draught, as in the draughts of certain other fluids which are equally pleasant to the senses.

In conclusion, and in reference to the original subject of this article, we may say—that there is no practical difficulty to *gentlemen*, in this common car game of "open and shut." All that is wanted is the exercise of good sense and common courtesy on the part of him who wishes a window closed, to obtain his wish. An apologetic, kind, and gentlemanlike request will always be acceded to by man or woman—even by those who are by nature churls. At least such is our experience, and, as we have said, it is by no means slight.

Sad News.—One of the most affecting and deplorable items of the recent foreign news is the following:—

Eugenie and Crinoline.—The Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal sets at rest the question of the Empress renouncing hoops. He says:

"We can therefore affirm, upon our conscience and honor, that whatever may have been said with regard to the abandonment of crinoline by that august and gracious lady, the absence of whatever portion may have been cast aside, was not perceived; indeed, we should almost say that it must have added to the expansion of the petticoat by the facility thus afforded for the more easy expansion of that which remained. Nothing could be more graceful and more dignified than the flow and fall of her Majesty's garments; but, at the same time, who can say that any falling off was there?

"As the beautiful and gracious lady took her seat upon the throne she fills so well, the uniform, the sword, nay, one-half of the very person of the Emperor became lost to view—imbedded, as it were, in the beautiful and glittering mass beneath which it disappeared, leaving not even the slim and indistinct outline under the velvet of the Imperial robe to show that it still existed."

We can only hope that there is some mistake in the above. It may be that it is merely a *canard* put in circulation by some extensive manufacturer of the hoop abomination.—Even the ladies, we believe, are getting about tired of the extra care, worry and expense caused by these monstrosities. To look well, a large number of hoops of various sizes must be worn—for a lady of any taste does not like to go about with one or, perhaps, two hoops, presenting the ridiculous figure which so many school and shop girls do in our streets. Now as these numerous hoops are constantly getting broken and out of order, the trouble and expense of them are far from slight. Let a lady leave off her hoops in the house for one week, and the ease with which she will get through small spaces, and the constant relief of having no hoops to care for, will astonish her. We have the greatest respect in the world for the French Empress, but if we could add about twenty years to her age, we should do it gladly—that is the only revenge we would take upon her.

The Ballot.—The following illustration of how the secret ballot is sometimes managed on this side of the Atlantic, we respectfully commend to the attention of the great English Reformers, Messrs. Cobden and Bright:

Mr. Thomas W. Duffield, of the Twenty-third ward, and 16th Representative district, has been ousted from his seat in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and Dr. George Wiley, his competitor at the election, sworn in. The Harrisburg Telegraph gives the following statement as to the way Mr. D. was elected: "The Committee (chosen in the Legislature by lot,) decided to open the ballot boxes, and the facts alleged were fully proved. The officers had laid the tickets out in bundles of 'five,' and had placed, almost invariably, a ticket of Dr. Wiley's among those counted for Duffield. The election officer had taken five of these tickets, told the clerk to put them down for Duffield, twisted them a little, and then threw them into the box again. The identical tickets as counted for Duffield were thus again found, and told the tale that a monstrous fraud and perjury had been committed by the election officers. The recounting of the boxes made a change of forty votes against Mr. Duffield, and declared Dr. Wiley duly elected by a majority of thirteen."

Refreshing.—It is our respected contemporary, the Home Journal, of New York, which speaks with the following refreshing coolness of Thomas Carlyle:—

Speaking of the British Quarterlies for this autumn, it is refreshing to see their dealings with such literary charlatans as Carlyle and Tupper. The former, *apropos* to his life of Frederic the Great, is about as effectually *shelved* in the Edinburgh for October as his most earnest detesters could desire; while poor Tupper (Martin Farquhar, meaning,) is embalmed by our herein-above-mentioned friends of the North British in a style worthy of Gifford himself. We commend these two articles to American critics, as models in that department of periodical literature.

"Carlyle *and Tupper!*" But what does the Home Journal mean by styling Tupper a "literary charlatan?" We thought that it used to be the *boast* of Mr. Willis and the Home Journal, that they had made the American reputation of Tupper, by their warm eulogies of his "Proverbial Philosophy!"

Mr. and Mrs. Drayton's Parlor Opera.—Everybody who has a taste for sparkling comedietta with good music, should go to Concert Hall where Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton are giving their entertainments. It is the parlor opera with which they delight the public. This was the beginning of what we call the Grand Opera. At the old French Court, in the days of the *ancien regime*—the Rohans and the Grammonts—the little opera, performed by two persons only, had its origin. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton have revived it in a modern and English form, and it finds much favor with the public, if we may judge by the laughter and applause of a recent evening. Not the least attractive part of the programme is the performance of Mr. Oliveira on the violin after the manner of Paganini. Mr. Oliveira is a master of his instrument, and his execution is very remarkable.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

In blue and gold, we have The Poems of Sydney Dobell. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) Mr. Dobell is a young Englishman, who, like his friend Alexander Smith, had the singular fortune to be received on his first appearance in print, with a burst of acclamation from the British Reviews which had ignored Landor, roared at Byron, howled at Keats, yelled at Shelley, ridiculed Wordsworth, denounced Browning, and derided Tennyson. The fine dramatic poem "The Roman," which was thus welcomed, has vigor and passion, with occasional memorable lines and striking images, but we can see nothing in it to justify so extraordinary an ovation. Curiously enough, Mr. Dobell's second long poem, "Balder," was received by the Reviews with a burst of denunciation! Yet "Balder" has passages of Dantesque vigor and vividness, and others packed and bursting with living beauty, for which "The Roman" has no parallels. Witness the following chant—full of delicious and tender imagination:

At the midsummer, at the high midsummer
Deep in the darkness let me sit embowered
All alone;
What time the children of the earth and heaven
As of two houses whom a feud divides
Meet in the mingling mystery of midnight,
And melting clouds sink low with wooer's tears,
Fall but unseen, dropping a balm of joy
Whereto the love-touched leaves
Tremble and whisper through the gentle land.
The incense riseth and the incense falleth,
And all the stolen hour is stirred with kisses,
And silent loves constrain the passionate time;
Rich loves that as they list,
Exchange and take and give,
Unmeted meed and debts forever due.
And sweets are mixed along the languid air,
Like balmy breath of lovers warm and near
And glowing faces meeting thro' the dark.
Hush! for the world stands still
Held in mere joy, as nought on earth would lose
The happy place and moment where it stood.
Hush! o'er a stillness, still as Love's delight,
Hearts gushing, bosoms heaving, moving arms,
Winding, unwinding, lips that close and part,
And love still ending and beginning. Hush!
Put back the dawn, O Phosphor! Set again!
Fall like a sweet dron from the honored heavens!
Go down and smother by a sullen cloud!
The exquisite best moment of the night
Sinks down with thee. This is the extasy!
It sheds, it sheds! The night is filled with flowers,—
The viewless night, faint night, the yielding night,
The favoring night—with flowers and happy rain!
As tho' to-morrow's blossoms spreading odors
As they float
Soft through the season, shy through the dark season,
Like a warm dew sank murmuring from the skies.

This passage—which is certainly exquisite—shows the poet at his best as he appears in "Balder." Take the poem as a whole, and its poetic merit is much less than in this extract. It is a spasm, and its inspiration purely galvanic. Let the reader turn to the passage on Tyranny (p. 368-69,) and mark the strenuous strain, the Termagaunt roar and mad-Nat-Lee swell of the blank verse, in which the author labors to present his grotesque and dreadful imagery. He will see that Mr. Dobell loves to travel on his muscle. This, indeed, is his enormous vice. His verse runs into turgid declamation continually in consequence of it, and, his conception becomes a bloat. Not satisfied with being simply strong, he strains till the sinews of his genius crack, and his strength stands out on his skin in ugly balls and cords. A worse fault is in the central idea of "Balder," which is a libel upon the intellect of the age. Mr. Dobell, we are told in the preface to this volume, intends to bring about "a new and nobler organization of Christianity." It is a modest enterprise for a private English gentleman of moderate capacity to engage in, and we imagine we see him accomplishing it! But he begins his task with criticism.—As a type of the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century—the grandest and humanest movement the world has ever known—he gives us an egotistic poet, sacrificing the immediate duties of life to philanthropic dreams, and driving his wife mad with neglect. A more ridiculous and untrue generalization or allegory, or one more capable of demolition, was never framed. It could only have proceeded from the inordinate ambition of a man whose imagination has not been balanced by his reason. Still, considering "Balder" as a poem, apart from its philosophy, no fair mind will deny the maelstrom current of its interest, the felicity and depth of individual passages and single lines, or its tragic and ghastly power, freaked with rays of pathos and beauty. But it is a monstrous and deformed dream.

It is in the lyrics that make up the remainder of the volume, that Mr. Dobell's genius cuts the wildest capers. In an evil hour he learned that there was a rhetorical figure called onamatopœa—or the expression of sense by sound. He also discovered that poets had produced marvellous effects by iteration—Edgar Poe, for instance. Accordingly he proceeded to operate, and the way he runs his operations into the ground is a caution to beginners! Here, for example, is a specimen:

"In the cot beside the water
In the white cot by the water,
The white cot by the white water,
There they laid the German maid.

There they wound her, singing round her,
Softly round her, singing round her,
Softly wound her, singing round her,
In a shroud like a cloud.

* * * * * *

Singing grief with every leaf,
Sadder grief with sadder leaf,
Sweeter leaf with sweeter grief,
So 'twas sung in a dark tongue.

This spinning Dervish of a poem continues through sixteen or seventeen stanzas, till the reader's brain reels. Here is another poetic gem:

"Soho, blow, trumpeter,
Trumpeter, trumpeter,
Tally ho, trumpeter, over the ditch,
Over the ditch, boys, the broad ditch of Dover,
Hands slack, boys, heels back, boys,
Yoboicks! we're well over!
Soho, blow, trumpeter! blow us to cover!
Blow, boy, blow,
Berlin or Moscow,
Schœnbrun or Rome,
So, Reynard's at home,
The devil care which!
Hark, Evans! hark, Campbell! hark, Cathcart!—halloo!
Heyday, harkaway, good men and true
Harkaway to the brook,
You won't land in clover!
Leap and look!
High and dry!
Tantivy, full cry,
Full cry up the hill!
Hurrah, and its over,
A burst and a kill.
While the thistle bears
Spears,
And the shamrock is green,
And the English rose
Blows,
A health to the Queen!
A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen!

—and so it goes. This gibberish is supposed to be a sort of a war-song! Here is more onamatopœa:

——from the inner eaves the reeking wet
Dripped; dropping more
And more, as more the sappy roof was sapped,
And wept a mirkier wash that splashed and clapped
The plain-stones dribbling to the flooded door.
A plopping pool of droppings stood before.
O'er head, hard by, a pointed beam o'erlapped,
And from its jewelled tip
The slipping, slipping drip
Did whip the filliped pool whose hopping plashes ticked.

Actually it reminds one of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked!" But here is more:

"Oh the wold, the wold,
O the wold, the wold,
On the winter stark,
Oh the lavel dark,
Oh the wold, the wold, the wold.

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the mystery,
Of the blasted tree,
On the wold, the wold, the wold.

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the owlet's croon.
To the haggard moon,
To the waning moon,
On the wold, the wold, the wold.

This dismal howl is prolonged through six stanzas all like the above. There is undoubtedly a weird picture in these lines, but it is all spoiled by the ridiculous excess of the refrain, which if sparingly used, would produce the effect intended, but used as it is produces an effect purely comic. Here is another melody of Bedlam which makes one feel as if his wits were leaving him:—

"Heigho, fiddlestick, fiddle for a king,
Heigh pretty Kitty, heigh jolly Polly
Up with the heels, girls, swing, girls, swing!
Foot boys, foot boys! to't boys, do't boys!
Ho, Bill! ho, Jill! ho, Will! ho, Phil!
Ho, Johnny, Johnny! Ho, Johnny, Johnny!
Ho, ho, everybody all round the ring.

Deuce take the fiddle,
Deuce take the fiddle,
Deuce take the jolly fiddle, deuce take the fiddler.
Here goes the fiddle,
Here goes the fiddle,
Here goes the jolly fiddle, here goes the fiddler!

Deuce take the wall, boys,
Deuce take the floor, boys,
Deuce take the jolly floor,
Deuce take us all, boys!

There are five other stanzas of this description. Now is this, or is it not, poetry of the school of Mother Goose? Is the nonsense in the Goose melodies, a whit more nonsensical than this? These are not the only instances of Mr. Dobell's onamatopœic and iterative faculties. In one poem he rings the changes on "my boy, my boy," till the brain is dinned. In another it is "shadow and meadow, meadow and shadow, shadow and meadow, roses and posies, sweet primroses, fresh primroses, springs to be and springs for me, of distant dim primroses," till the reader feels an inclination to fall a-jabbering the same thing for life. In another it is fed boys and sped boys and shed boys and lead boys and Tommy's dead boys; in another farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell—and this sort of thing in one form or another is kept up till the very soul is weary of the ding-dong and sing-song and endless clish-maclaver of the verse. There are, unquestionably, several fine poems in the collection, and there are two or three where the rhythmical and rhetorical effects attempted are fairly produced, as for instance in this, where the sound of the words assists and intensifies the dreary truth of the picture:—

"From the sad eaves the drip-drop of the rain;
The water washing at the latchel door;
A slow step plashing by upon the moor;
A single bleat far from the famished fold;
The clicking of an embered hearth and cold;
The rainy Robin tic-tac at the pane."

Or in the merry hornpipe movement of the chasseur's song:

Oh, a gallant sans peur
Of the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn and his rifle ping-pang,
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back,
His pistol crie-crac,
And his sword cling-clang!

Oh, to see him blithe and gay
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows "au rang,"
With a wheel and a whirl,
And a wheeling, waltzing girl,
And his bow "place aux dames," and his oath "feu et sang."
And his hop and his fling,
Till his gold and silver ring,
To the clatter and the clash of his sword cling-clang!

"An Evening Dream," has also fine rhythmical effects. But, the large majority of the poems fall in this respect, while in thought and imagery they are mediocre enough—labored intellections, whose life is galvanic, and lacking in spontaneous and electric force and fire.

It is impossible to read these ambitious and pretentious effusions, and not think of the poems of Miss Muloch, which we lately reviewed. The contrast is great, and it is not favorable to the author of "Balder" and "The Roman." Reviewers that measure results by their size and scheme may decide differently:—"Balder" is certainly a bigger and a more ambitious poem than "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," or than "Philip my King." But, to our perverted sense at least, there is a nobler and truer drama, minor drama though it be, in either of these poems of Miss Muloch's than the author of "The Roman" has yet written. Mr. Dobell's glorious insufficiencies are indeed set light by Miss Muloch's narrower perfectness. We prefer a graceful and symmetrical statuette to a grandiose and misshapen statue.—But make the comparison between the lyrics of the two authors, and Mr. Dobell goes aside at once. There is not a lyric in his book—not one (and there are several that are fine,) equal to Miss Muloch's. The heart's best feelings set to wild and tender ballad-music, sing in the mind from her pages. Beside these, the strains of the author of "The Roman" are, in comparison, mere meretricious jingle and sounding declamation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. January. Blanchard & Lea, Philada.

The Adopted Heir. By Miss Pardoe. T. B. Peterson, Philada.

The Atlantic Monthly. February. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Arthur's Ladies' Home Magazine. T. S. Arthur & Co., Philada.

The American Journal of Insanity. January. Utica, N. Y.

A Narrative of the Fate of Sir John Franklin. By Capt. M'Clintock, R. N., L.L.D. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Great Tribulation; or Things Coming on the Earth. By the Rev. John Cumming. Second Series. Rudd & Carleton, New York.

The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church. By Peter H. Burnett. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By Charles Campbell. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Southern Literary Messenger. January. Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond, Virginia.

The Planter's Daughter. A Tale of Louisiana. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The Rectory of Morreland; or, My Duty. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

The Broad Church. Some Considerations upon "The Suspense of Faith;" An Address by Rev. Dr. Bellows. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

The Doomed Chief; or, Two Hundred Years Ago. G. S. Evans, Philadelphia.

A Horrible Story.—A newspaper published at Colima, Mexico, on the 24th of October, tells the following frightful story:—"When General Pueblita entered the town of Ayo, in September last, he exacted a forced loan from the people, and a share of it fell upon the curate of the place. The curate acted as though he would pay, but as he did not make his appearance at the point designated for payment, General Pueblita ordered him to be arrested. A party of men went to his dwelling and knocked at the door; there was no answer and they broke in. They found no one in the house, and were about to leave it when they heard a frightful voice proceeding from the ground, saying, 'I am hungry.' The officer in command went back to General Pueblita and told him about the voice. The general appointed a commission to examine the house. This commission went to the curate's dwelling, and, after a careful examination, they found a movable stone in the floor, and under this was a stairway leading down to a vault, which was entirely dark, and had no connection with the air, save by the staircase, and a small hole that served as a ventilator. In this vault were some books, a few articles of furniture, and a woman who had been shut up there for eighteen years. She was taken to General Pueblita's quarters. When brought into the light where she saw a number of persons, she fainted. After she had returned to her senses, a thousand questions were asked of her, to which she replied only that she had been buried in that vault for eighteen years without going out for a moment; that she had been married, and had children by her husband, but she knew nothing of their fate; that, while imprisoned in the vault, she had had children by the curate, but she knew nothing of what had become of these children; and after saying this much became obstinately silent. While this was passing, a sergeant of the Pueblita Brigade, then present, discovered that this woman was his mother, and she recognized him as her son and embraced him. The son then ran for his father, who came and recognized his wife. The husband, fifteen years ago, was imprisoned three years under charge of having murdered his wife, this woman."

A Life of Suffering.—Theodore Rougeot recently died in Bangor, Maine, after a life of singular suffering. When thirteen years of age he was taken with inflammatory rheumatism, and was almost helpless for two years; he then recovered, but in two years thereafter he was attacked again, and continued entirely helpless and confined to his bed for eighteen years! There was but one joint (that of one thumb) that he could move. He was obliged to be bolstered up in one position, partly in a sitting posture, for the last eighteen years. He could talk and read well, but could not otherwise stir or move; his food was made very fine, and sucked up or mumbled over in his mouth, as his jaws were immoveable; he was nothing but skin and bone, yet his appetite and general health were good. His mind was clear, his memory good, and he was a person of considerable intelligence, and quite a reader. He lived with his parents, a couple of miles from Bangor, and was kindly cared for by a patient and attentive mother and other relatives during his long and tedious illness.

That Rivers Undermine Their Right Banks.—It is a fact, that without apparent cause, the great rivers of Siberia, the Obi, the Yenisei, and the Lena, which run into the Arctic Ocean, are perpetually undermining their right banks. M. Babinet has shown that this should be the case from the unequal rotatory motion of the earth; and he proves that an equal movement to the right should be found in rivers flowing East and West in the northern hemisphere, the tendency in the southern hemisphere being to the left. M. Bertrand asserts that this tendency really exists, but he asserts also that it has been proved that it can never exceed the hundred millionth of the weight of the molecule, which would not account for the phenomena observed. M. Babinet declares that this tendency to the right is always observed in gunnery, and to it he attributes the direction of the rotatory currents in cyclones.

Ex President Pierce and lady have arrived at Nassau, N. P., where they were received with great politeness by the Governor and other officials, who rendered every attention calculated to make their sojourn an agreeable one.

Summary of Homestead Exemption Laws.

The Homestead Exemption Bill now before the Legislature is claiming very general interest among the people, as a measure largely promotive of the interests of society. To show the progress of legislation upon this subject, we append a summary of the Homestead Exemption Laws in all the States in which such laws have been passed, to the number of *twenty-four*:—

California.—For debts contracted since June 1, 1851, or contracted at any time outside of the State, the homestead, consisting of land, with the dwelling house and its appurtenances, not exceeding *five thousand dollars* in value, to be selected by the owner. Exemption not to extend to mechanics' or venders' liens, liabilities for taxes, or any legally obtained mortgage.

Texas.—The homestead of family, not exceeding *two hundred acres* of land, or any town or city lot or lots, not exceeding *two thousand dollars* in value. Exemption extended to widows.

Michigan.—A homestead of a householder not exceeding *forty acres*, and the dwelling house thereon with its appurtenances, to be selected by the owner thereof, and not included in any town-plat, city or village; or if therein, at the option of the owner, one lot with the dwelling house and appurtenances, not exceeding *fifteen hundred dollars* in value, by *the Constitution of* 1851.

Mississippi.—A homestead of the head of a family, consisting of *one hundred and sixty acres* of land, with the dwelling house and implements thereon; or if in a city, town, or village, the residence, not exceeding in value *fifteen hundred dollars*.

New York.—The lot and buildings thereon, occupied as a residence and owned by the debtor, being a householder and having a family, to the value of *one thousand dollars*. Such exemption to continue after the death of such householder, for the benefit of the widow and family, one or more of them continuing to occupy such homestead until the youngest child shall become twenty-one years of age, and until the death of the widow; and no release or waiver is valid unless executed as is required in deeds. The conveyance of the property must show that it is designed to be held as a homestead, or a notice of such design must be executed and acknowledged by the householder and recorded in the Homestead Exemption book. No property is exempt from sale for the non-payment of taxes or assessments, or for a debt contracted for its purchase or prior to recording the aforesaid deed or notice. If the homestead exceed one thousand dollars in value, it may be sold or divided, provided a greater sum shall be bid therefor.

Illinois.—The homestead exemption, to the value of *one thousand dollars*, the same as in New York, with like provisions for its continuance after the death of the householder, and carrying the law into effect.

New Jersey.—The same homestead exemption to *one thousand dollars* in value, as in New York, with similar provisions, except that no release or waiver of such exemption shall be valid, and the homestead must be reserved as such for the use of the family. It cannot be leased or sold without the full and free consent of the wife of the owner, and at its full, fair value, and *one thousand dollars* thereof be actually invested in the purchase of another homestead.

Louisiana.—The lot, and building thereon, to the value of *one thousand dollars*, and occupied as a residence, and owned by a debtor having a family, except from sale for taxes or for the purchase money, or for debts contracted prior to the recording of the exemption.

Massachusetts.—The lot, and buildings thereon, owned and occupied as a residence by the debtor, or the buildings so occupied and owned, situated on land in the rightful possession of the debtor and his family, by lease or otherwise, to the value of *eight hundred dollars*.

Arkansas.—For all debts contracted since December 8th, 1852, *one hundred and sixty acres*, or one city or town lot, with all the improvements without reference to the value.

Minnesota.—The homestead not exceeding *eighty acres*, and the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances, to be selected by the owner thereof, and not included in any incorporated town, city or village; or if therein, at the option of the owner, *one lot* with the dwelling house thereon, and its appurtenances, owned and occupied by any resident of this State—such exemption to extend to the widow or minor child or children of any deceased owner and not to any mortgage thereon lawfully obtained, but no mortgage being valid without the signature of the wife.

Maine.—The property of a householder or head of a family, consisting of a lot of land, dwelling house and outbuildings thereon, as shall not exceed *five hundred dollars* in value, which continues to the widow and minor children of any deceased person during such minority, or while the widow remains single.

New Hampshire.—The homestead of a householder, to the value of *five hundred dollars*, which exemption extends to any interest the debtor may have in a building occupied by him as a homestead, though standing on land owned by another. It also descends to the widow and minor children, of which exemption there can be no waiver, except by deed.

Vermont.—The homestead of every housekeeper residing within the State, consisting of a dwelling house, outbuildings, and the lands appurtenant thereto, occupied as such, and the yearly products thereof to the value of *five hundred dollars*.

Ohio.—The family homestead of each head of a family, not exceeding *five hundred dollars* in value, while the debtor, the widow, or any unmarried minor child resides thereon, though the homestead may be built on land owned by another.

Tennessee.—The homestead of every housekeeper to the value of *five hundred dollars*, consisting of a dwelling house and outbuildings, and the land appurtenant thereto; providing a declaration and notice of intention of claiming a homestead is duly registered in the Register's Office. Such exemption continues to the widow and minor children.

Wisconsin.—A homestead not exceeding *forty acres*, used for agricultural purposes, and the dwelling house thereon, and its appurtenances, to be selected by the owner thereof, and not included in any town-plot, city or village, or instead thereof, at the option of the owner, not exceeding *one-fourth of an acre*, being within a recorded town-plot or city, or village, and the dwelling house thereof and its appurtenances owned and occupied by any resident of the State. A dwelling house owned by any person, and situate on land not his own, but rightly in his possession by lease or otherwise, is also exempted, if the occupant claims such house as his homestead. The homestead descends to the widow and minor children.

Iowa.—The same homestead exemption as in Wisconsin, with similar provisions, except not to exceed *five hundred dollars* in value.

South Carolina.—The dwelling house and houses appurtenant thereto of each family, together with fifty acres of land, not included within any city or corporate town, to the value of *five hundred dollars*.

Maryland.—The Constitution directs the Legislature to pass a law exempting property to the value of *five hundred dollars*.

Alabama.—*Forty acres* of land, not exceeding *four hundred dollars* in value, provided they are not within the corporate limits of any town or city.

Florida.—Every farmer *forty acres* of land, of which he cultivates ten, not to exceed *two hundred dollars* in value. Every owner of, and actual resident in, any dwelling house in a city, town or village, not exceeding three hundred dollars in value.

Georgia.—*Fifty acres* of land to every white citizen, male or female, who is the head of a family, which includes the dwelling house and improvements, not to exceed *two hundred dollars* in value; also, *five* additional acres for every child under fifteen years of age.

Utah Territory.—The homestead occupied by the wife, or any portion of the family of a deceased person at the time of his death, shall be free to the wife and family of the deceased, and shall not be liable for any claims against such estate.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Oh, child of beauty rare!
Oh, mother, chaste and fair!
How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare!
She, in her infant blest,
And he in conscious rest,
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast!
What joy that right might bear
To him who sees him there,
If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.
—*Goethe*

☞ Ignorance in High Life.—*Fashionable Lady (to her husband).*—"I wonder how the children are? I haven't seen them for ever so long, and I declare I am getting quite anxious. I say, Henry, dear, I wish you would show me the way up to the nursery."

☞ If "brevity is the sole of wit," what is the upper leather?

☞ The Milwaukee News says the best protector from mosquitoes will "be obtained by marrying a pretty woman." These pests never bite a man when they can find something better and sweeter.

☞ Mischievous Parrot.—One day a party of ladies paid us a visit aboard, and several had been hoisted on deck by the usual means of a "whip" on the mainyard. The chair had descended for another load; but scarcely had its fair freight been lifted out of the boat alongside, than the unlucky parrot piped "Let go!" The order being instantly obeyed, the unfortunate lady, instead of being comfortably seated on the deck, as those had been who had preceded her, was soused over head in the sea!—*The Autobiography of a Seaman, by the Earl of Dundonald.*

☞ Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits—wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

Love that once pined blindly,
Tenderly reveres,
And the eyes see clearer,
That have looked through tears.

☞ It is a mistake to suppose that poetry is absolutely bound to express precise thoughts; it is sufficient if it possesses an intonation which awakens the imagination and provokes the soul to *reverie*. Wherever this intonation is to be found, there is excellent poetry.—*Gothe.*

☞ Linsey Woolsey—Derivation of.—"The speech was more Linsey Woolsey stuff." The sense of this will be better understood when we come to give the derivative old Saxon phrase, which is: "*Linnen his—Woolen his*"—viz.: Flax is here—wool is here—a stuff composed of both materials, and so neither linen nor woollen—neither one thing nor the other.

☞ A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double.—*Quarles.*

☞ One was saying, that his great grandfather and grandfather, and father died at sea. Said another, that heard him, "An I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why," saith he, "where did your great grandfather, grandfather, and father die? He answered, "Where, but in their beds?" Said the other, "An I were you I would never come to bed."—*Bacon.*

☞ Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, and in an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—*Sherlock.*

☞ The moment a man takes it into his foolish head that he has what the world calls genius, he gives himself a discharge from the servile drudgery of all friendly offices and becomes good for nothing, except in the pursuit of his favorite employment.—*Cowper.*

☞ Exchange is no Robbery.—If you go to a party, put on your oldest hat.

☞ The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charms of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star—she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he.

☞ Wilhelm von Humboldt says, "Old letters lose their vitality." Not true. It is because they retain their vitality, that it is so dangerous to keep some letters—so wicked to burn others.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

☞ Artificialities.—*Artificial Flowers.*—The pink of fashion is a flower that is extremely artificial.

Artificial Ice.—The reception one meets with when, dropping in, self-invited, one happens to be the thirteenth at dinner.

☞ "Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a person of an adherent of Red Jacket, at the settlement near Cattarangus. "No," said the sturdy savage, "I *whiskey Indian.*"

☞ The following story gives a lively idea of how the Russians govern Poland. A Jew met a Cossack in the forest, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town, he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reported to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when with the utmost effrontery, he remarked that he had *found* the horse. "How!" replied the Jew. "I was upon his back!" "Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was admitted, and the poor Israelite was dismissed, minus his steed.

☞ Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is, but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch.—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.—*Carlyle.*

WHAT I SHALL SAY!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BRIA.

The world is all so strange, love,
The world is all so strange:
So fold me in thy arms, love,
And keep me safe from change
Kiss down my weary eyelids,
And hold me to thy breast,
Life has been hard without thee,
Now let me sweetly rest

I've dwelt in perfect trust, love,
I've dwelt in perfect trust
That thou wouldst come at last, love,
I knew well that thou must.
I've walked apart and purely
Through all the waiting years,
The day was coming surely
That should not end in tears.

It's been so hard sometimes, love,
So hard alone to be
Among glad hearts and smiles, love,
With no smile *all* for me:
And yet I was not weak, love,
I watched and prayed apart
Knowing that thou wert living
Somewhere to glad my heart

And now that thou art come, love,
I am so purely blest
I do not want to *speak*, love,
So keep me, let me rest.
Fold thy strong arms around me,
Press one kiss on my brow,
Farewell to tears and waiting,
For I am happy now'

Boston, Mass., Jan. 1860.

THE WESLEY GHOST.

We close our quotations from Mr. Owen's book with the following account, which will be found not only interesting, but somewhat amusing. The father of the great John Wesley seems to have had some singular traits of character.

THE WESLEY NARRATIVE.

Disturbances in Mr. Wesley's Parsonage at Epworth.

1716 and 1717.

In the year 1716, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of the celebrated John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was rector of Epworth, in the county of Lincoln, England. In his parsonage-house, the same in which John was born, there occurred, throughout the months of December, 1716, and of January, 1717, sundry disturbances, of which Mr. Samuel Wesley kept a detailed journal. The particulars are further preserved in 12 letters written on the subject, at the time, to and from various members of the family. In addition to this, Mr. John Wesley himself went down to Epworth in the year 1720, inquired carefully into the particulars, received statements in writing from each member of the family touching what they had seen and heard, and compiled from these a narrative which he published in the "*Arminian Magazine.*"

The original documents were preserved in the family, came into the hands of Mrs. Earle, grand-daughter of Mr. Samuel Wesley, (the eldest brother of John) were intrusted by her to a Mr. Babcock, and by him given to the well-known Dr. Joseph Priestley, by whom the whole were first published in 1791.*

They have been reprinted by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his "Memoirs of the Wesley Family."† They cover forty-six pages of that work: and as they contain numerous repetitions, I content myself with transcribing a portion only, commencing with the narrative drawn up by Mr. John Wesley, to which I have already referred.

NARRATIVE.

"On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining-room, which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door.—Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again, and groaned. 'It is Mr. Turpine,' said Robert; 'he has the stone, and uses to groan so.' He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated; but, still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose up and went to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs, he saw a handmill which was at a little distance whirled about very swiftly. When he related this, he said, 'Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought if it had but been full of malt he might have ground his heart out for me.' When he was in bed, he heard, as it were, the gobbling of a turkey-cock close to the bedside, and soon after the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots; but there was none there—he had left them below. The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, 'What a couple of fools are you! I defy anything to fright me.' After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy, than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several pan-cheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle, and searched both above and below, but, being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray and all, and ran away for life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, 'It signifies nothing to run away; for, whatever it is, it can run faster than me.' So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister Sukey (about a year older than her) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened. She made quite light of it, telling her, 'I wonder you are so easily frighted; I would fain see what would fright me.' Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up until next morning.

"A night or two after, my sister Hetty, (a year younger than my sister Molly) was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, 'You know I believe none of these things; pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle that she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was, but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and, when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

"The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, 'If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge.' Soon after she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard, in the corner of the room, as it were the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. But he was extremely angry, and said, 'Sukey, I am ashamed of you. These boys and girls frighten one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear *of it no more.*'

"*At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual.* When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all round the room, and a thundering knock attended the *Amen.* The same was heard from this time every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

"The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say amen to the prayer for the king. She said she could not, for she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king. He vowed he would never cohabit with her until she did. He then took his horse and rode away; nor did she hear any thing of him for a twelve-month. He then came back, and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

"Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey, (an eminently pious and sensible man,) could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said, 'Robert Brown came over to me, and told me your father desired my company. When I came, he gave me an account of all that had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in, and said, "Old Jeffrey is coming, (that was the name of one that died in the house,) for I hear the signal." This they informed me was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw, or rather that of a windmill when the body of it is turned about in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said, "Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself." We went up-stairs; he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we went there, it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley observing that they were much affected—though asleep, sweating, and trembling exceedingly—was very angry, and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I snatched him by the arm, and said, "Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you." He then went close to the place, and said, sternly, "Thou deaf and dumb devil! why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me, in my study, that am a man!" Instantly, it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate) as if it would shiver the board to pieces; and we heard nothing more that night.'

"Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbance in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study, (of which none had the key but himself,) when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was a knocking, first on one side, then on the other, and after a time, in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and, the noise continuing, adjured it to speak, but in vain. He then said, 'These spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak.' She did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, 'Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you down-stairs; it may be when I am alone he will have courage to speak.' When she was gone, a thought came in his head, and he said, 'If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks, and no more.' Immediately all was silence, and there was no more knocking at all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration. She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the day-time, when it walked after her, only she thought when she was about her work he might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble.

"By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, 'Jeffrey is coming; it is time to go to sleep.' And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, 'Hark, Kezzy, Jeffrey is knocking above,' she would run up-stairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

"A few nights after, my father and mother had just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, put on his night-gown, and, hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down; my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after, there was a sound as if a large iron bell was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came, and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail.

"A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, 'Sukey, do you not hear? all the pewter is thrown about the kitchen.' But when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. Then a knocking began over the head of the master of the family, as he attempted to go out of the room, and so all the way he went, till he came to the door of his own chamber, where it ended with three loud knocks. Then it removed to the head of the man servant, as he was going out, and followed him in the same manner. After this it went to the nurse, and attended her in like manner. Then it went to the bed where Mrs. Hetty lay, and knocked three times at the head of the bed. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Nancy lay, and knocked three times. Then it went to the bed where Mrs. Patty lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Molly lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Kezzy lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Emily lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Suky lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Anne lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Mary lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Susanna lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Martha lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Elizabeth lay, and knocked three times. Then it came to the bed where Mrs. Sarah

"DEAD IS DEAD."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Make my grave before I die—
Deeper, deeper, let me lie—
I would be, before the night,
Buried, buried out of sight.
"Gone is gone—dead is dead"—
One who should have loved me, said,
"Dead is dead!"

Turn the soft green drapery down—
When these sods, so cool and brown,
Long upon my heart have lain
They will draw away its pain—
"Gone is gone—dead is dead"—
So, the while we talked, he said—
"Dead is dead!"

Deep within the quiet bed
Softly place my weary head—
Do not think, because my breath
Fails not, that this is not death—
"Gone is gone—dead is dead"—
Surely he was right, who said
"Dead is dead!"

Heap the clods upon my breast;
Even their weight will give me rest;
Heavier loads than these can be
I have borne unmurmuringly:
"Gone is gone—dead is dead"—
Did he dream it, when he said
"Dead is dead?"

Go your ways, poor worldlings, go;
Little shall I think or know,
Sleeping in my quiet bed,
Of the tumults overhead:
"Gone is gone—dead is dead,"
Surely, else he had not said
"Dead is dead!"

As the seasons come and go
I shall feel the winter's snow
Drifting o'er me,—and the dew
And the rain come dripping through:
"Gone is gone—dead is dead;"
I shall dream of him who said
"*Dead is dead!*"

SHOPPING.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

SCENE I.

A parlor—CHARLES *and* AUGUSTINA DOWCOTT *discovered seated.*—CHARLES *reading newspaper.*—AUGUSTINA *looking over his shoulder.*

Augustina.—What finds my love to read? I can see nought
But dull debates and editorials long, on politics.
Charles.—The news from England, sweet. Cotton is down.
Augustina.—Indeed! and what of that? Bother the cotton!
(*Looking over paper.*) Ah! What is this? New silks at TAPE'S.
(*Aside.*) Now will I strike, while yet the iron's hot.
(*Aloud.*) So cotton's down! I'm sorry, love, for that, if you
Would have it up. Come, Charlie, let us out.
Your hands feel hot: your forehead glows: your eyes
Look dull and heavy. Let us out, a walk
Will do you good. Say, will you go?
Charles (*aside*).—Methinks I smell a mouse; I heard
Her mention silks at TAPE'S. (*Aloud.*) No, not to-day.
I letters have to write. The steamer news
Is had.
Augustina.—Well, write to-morrow, love. The sun shines
Warm and bright; the streets are thronged, 'tis just
A month since you went out with me.
(*Puts arms round his neck.*) Come, popolorumtib, come with its ducky dear!
I'll go up-stairs, and just put on my tings,
And den, we'll have a walky-talky. (*Kisses him.*)
There! Will it go? It can't refuse its 'ittle duck.
Charles (*aside.*)—I'm in for it, I see! (*Aloud.*) Well, since you seem so bent on it,
I care not, so my love is pleased, if round the square,
Or in the Park, we take a stroll.
Augustina.—The Park! Oh, surely no. The walks are damp.
The leafless trees look dreary. (*Aside.*) So I once get him out,
I'll pilot him aright. (*Aloud.*) But, never mind, the dullest Park
Would be a paradise with thee.
(*Kisses him again, and exits in a hurry.*
Charles (*looking after her thoughtfully*).—Oh, Gammon!

SCENE II.

Broadway.—CHARLES *and* AUGUSTINA *promenading.*

Augustina.—Was I not right? The nasty Park was wet.
But here 'tis beautiful! Oh, what a lovely set!
Charles.—Of what? Of chessmen?
Augustina.— Laces, dear love, look there! [*Points to window.*
Charles.—Is that your friend Miss Blink, who passed just now?
Augustina.—Miss Blink? Where?
Charles.— There! Behind us.
Augustina.—The lady in the dark silk dress?
Charles.— Aye.
Augustina.—No! But we have passed the shop where those sweet laces—
Charles.—Have we! Oh, never mind!
Augustina.— I should so like
To price them—only price them, love!
Charles (*aside*).— If I
Turn back, I'm lost!
(*Aloud.*) Oh, what a pair!
Augustina.—Of ear-rings, love?
Charles.— No; horses, sweet, just
Look how gallantly they bear themselves!
Augustina (*looking in shop window*).—I never saw
Such perfect brutes. Oh, they are lovely!
Charles.— Ah!
I'm glad that you admire them. Would they were mine!
Augustina.—And so they may be, dear, they're very cheap—
Only ten dollars.
Charles.—Ten dollars! A thousand, rather! May be two!
Augustina.—My love mistakes; see, they are marked,
"*This pair of Underslceves only Two Dollars!*"
Charles.—Undersleeves! I spoke of horses.
Augustina.— Horses!
I saw no horses, but that lovely pair of sleeves. So cheap!
Charles.—Come, let us on! (*Aside.*) No go! No go!
Augustina (*looking back regretfully*).—I'll fix him yet!
[*They walk on for some time, until they approach* TAPE'S. *When* CHARLES *begins walking very rapidly*].
Augustina.—Oh, I'm so tired! Do not walk so fast. Oh, my poor side! My heart will sure come through. Oh, I can go no further! such a spasm! [*Stops opposite* TAPE'S *door.*
Charles (*aside*).—The crisis is approaching—to hesitate
Is ruin! (*Aloud*). Let us return, I'll call a hack!
Augustina.—No! no! 'Twill pass anon. Let us go into TAPE'S.
There I can rest. I could not bear the jolting
Of a hack. Oh, there again! that dreadful pain!
Quick, take me in!
Charles.—No, dearest, no? What, rest in TAPE'S? Not I.
Quickly let me take thee home. My love is ill.
Home. Home at once!
Augustina.— Ha—I shall faint! Support me!
Charles (*calling*).—Ho! there you! driver! He heeds me not;
He has a fare!
Augustina.—Oh, cruel man! (*Weeps.*) Here in the streets shall I
Fall down and die! Ha! (*Begins to sink.*)
Oh, Charles, cruel Charles—
Charles (*losing his presence of mind.*)—She may be ill.
Indeed! I'd best go in.
[*Supports her into* TAPE'S, *from which they soon come out,* CHARLES *carrying a parcel and* AUGUSTINA *looking charming.*
Augustina (*triumphantly.*)—Now!
You may call a hack!
Charles.— I think a 'bus will do as well.
I can't afford a hack. I shall be ruined.
Cotton is down—and
Augustina.— Law! I forgot. Why so it is!
Well never mind, it will go up again
Next week! Come, let's go home!
[*They get into an omnibus and exit,* CHARLES *searching his pocket for small change.*
—*Saturday Press.*

MACAULAY.

From his birth it is said that he exhibited signs of superiority and genius, and more especially of that power of memory which startled every one by its quickness, flexibility and range. While he was yet a boy, he was in mates. At that early date he would repeat and declaim the longest "Arabian Night" as fluently as Scheherazade herself. A little later he would recite one of Scott's novels, story, characters, scenery, almost as well as though the book were in his hand. But these were stolen and profane pleasures, not encouraged, indeed barely tolerated, in the strict conventual house. The household books were the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and a few Cameronian divines. An eager and dramatic appetite found food for fancy in the allegories of Scripture, and even in the dry sectarian literature of Scottish controversy. Many a strong passage of description or vituperation in his writings, salted as they are with Biblical words, shows how familiar he had been with Scripture phraseology in early youth. He himself used to tell a funny story of a nursery scene. For every one who came to his father's house he had a Biblical nickname: Moses, Holofernes, Melchisedek, and the like. One visitor he called The Beast. Kind mamma, prudent papa, frowned at their precocious child, and set their brows against this offensive name; but Thomas stuck to his point. Next time the Beast made a morning call, the boy ran to the window, which hung over the street—to turn back laughing, crowing with excitement and delight. "Look here, mother," cries the child, "you see I am right. Look, look at the number of the Beast!" Mrs. Macaulay glanced at the hackney-coach; and behold, its number *was* 666!

"SORRY SECOND THOUGHTS," AS TO MARRIAGE.—Now and then a disappointed man undertakes to "make a digest" of this popular subject; and thus writes one of them on the subject in which we are all (prospectively, presently, or retrospectively,) somewhat interested; "Marriage is by no means a necessary sequent to love; for as the French well say, those who are 'always in love' are 'never married.' Juvenile grand passions are particularly fleeting, and the Spanish saying is a right true one, that 'boys' love is water in a sieve.' Nevertheless, the Germans assert that 'early marriage is long love.' It may be so, and, as the Spaniard says, 'the bacon of Paradise for the married man who does not repent.' How seldom this celestial flitch, will be granted, may be guessed from the saying, 'Bachelor, a peacock; betrothed, a lion; married, an ass.' The Dutchman tells you that 'whose is tired of happy days, let him take a wife,' and thus chimes in with the lines of an old play-writer, 'When I am weary of the world, I'll take a wife to mortify withal.' But if, as Thackeray says, no man will accept the experience of another in this matter, nor be frightened by the warning advice, 'Before you marry, reflect, for it is a knot difficult to untie;' at least be cautious, and 'before you marry have a house to live in, fields to till, and vines to cut.'"

☞ Black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous. Blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate, and confiding. Gray-eyed, philosophical, literary, resolute, cold-hearted. Hazel-eyed, quick-tempered and fickle. So says the admirer of a blue-eyed girl. We believe it is "all in your eye."

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND IN 1797.

BY A NATIVE.

Doubtless, there is no small advantage gained by living in an age of steam and electric telegrams. The town of Fishguard, in the harbor of which the French landed, in 1797, is but 249 miles from London. *Seven* days afterwards, one daily newspaper published a paragraph commencing thus:

"We shall not attempt to describe the terror and alarm into which the metropolis has been thrown by news *just* arrived, that a number of French frigates had appeared off the coast of South Wales, and succeeded in landing there a large body of troops, &c., &c.

The consternation was extreme. Government, apprehensive of a general invasion, authorized the Bank of England to suspend cash-payments, and, in consequence, a score or two of town and provincial banks ceased to exist. The speedy and unconditional surrender of the banditti who had originated these disasters, restored for a time the public tranquillity, and the journals that had at first fomented the panic grew witty at the expense of their craven foes, whom they truly represented to be galley-slaves, the sweepings of the *forcats* of Brest. "The English," said the Times, "send their convicts to New South Wales, the French land theirs in old South Wales." The motives which influenced the French Directory to make this most futile attempt at landing some 1,400 men upon a wild, remote portion of the island, unprovisioned, and unprovided with a single piece of artillery, was much canvassed at the time. By many, it was thought to be intended as a piece of insolent bravado, showing us that, in spite of the boasted vigilance of our mighty Channel Fleet, a body of armed men might at any time be thrown upon the island. They were also supposed to have in view the compelling us to support a number of desperadoes as war prisoners, who, by breaking from confinement, and roaming through the country, in the event of serious invasion, would add to the general dismay. The following passage from instructions found on the person of their leader, and also on his coadjutor, the notorious "Governor Wall," leaves us no longer in doubt:

"Entering the Bristol Channel, you are to sail up the Avon, and land upon its right bank; and the troops being furnished with combustibles, you are cautiously to approach that side of Bristol to windward, and set fire to that quarter. If the enterprise be conducted dexterously, it cannot fail to produce the total ruin of the town, its ports, docks and shipping, and to strike terror and amazement into the very heart of the capital of England. The expedition under your command has in view three distinct objects: to raise an insurrection; to interrupt and embarrass the enemy's commerce; and, by distracting the attention of the English Government, to prepare the way, and facilitate a grand descent upon the coast of Essex. The internal trade of the enemy is to be annihilated by breaking down bridges, cutting [illegible] all convoys of food, public stages, and wagons; cutting off supplies of provisions for the great towns, burning vessels and boats in rivers and canals, destroying magazines, setting fire to docks, coal-yards, rope-walks, great manufactories, &c. In order to spread the panic as widely as possible, the legion is to be divided into columns of 300 men each, having settled a general rendezvous, where they may all assemble every four, six or eight days. The inhabitants must be compelled to serve as guides, and any refusing, are to be punished upon the spot, by having their hair and eyebrows shaved off, that they may be recognized, if afterwards taken in arms. Wherever the legion or any of its columns are posted, if the adjacent parishes omit to give instant notice of an enemy approaching—whether by not ringing the church-bells or otherwise—they and their villages are to be given up to fire and sword."

Such were the tender mercies in store for the England of 1797. The contemplated design upon Bristol—then the second city of the empire—being unexpectedly frustrated by the presence of several English men-of-war off Ilfracombe, this marauding expedition stood over to the opposite coast, and eventually ran into Fishguard Bay, where their disembarkation forms the subject of my narrative.

Contrary to the usual character of spring on the western coast, the month of February had been unusually calm and serene; and our oat-sowing—a kind of grain much consumed in Pembrokeshire—had not, in the memory of man, been ever completed so early. On Tuesday—the memorable 20th—the sun shone out brilliantly; the sky was blue and cloudless, and every one being engaged in field-labor, had left their white cottages, dotted here and there upon the rocky heights, as well as the whole village of Llanwnda, perfectly tenantless. I happened to be working by myself, cutting gorse, which there grows very tall and strong, and is our only summer fuel, for the westerly gales allow of no timber flourishing on our coast. While employed in this occupation, and pausing to whet my bill-hook, I looked out seawards. Three or four fishing-barks lay anchored at the harbor's mouth, and I was surprised to observe that they suddenly unmoored, and instead of making for the landing-place, hoisted all sail, and stood off to sea.—Presently the great foresail of a strange vessel glided into view at the rocky entrance near Llanwnda, then her mainsail, and in a moment after, the entire black hull of a huge ship rounded the point, and stood directly into the bay. Another and another followed in her wake; and lastly, a lugger of very considerable size. Now, it was not at all unusual for Liverpool traders bound southwards, when becalmed, and waiting the returning tide or a brisker gale, to look into Fishguard. On came the strangers, whatever they were, approaching the land much nearer than is usually deemed safe for ships of such heavy burden. Pausing in my work, I watched their manœuvres. With the naked eye I could perceive great bustle on decks. Sails were lowered. To the hoarse murmur of the waves that broke upon the beach was now added the harsh grating of cables and the sound of falling anchors. The vessels swung round, and veering out, lay within half a mile of the land.

Scarcely ten minutes could have passed, ere, as if by preconcerted signal, half-a-dozen boats dropped from the sides of each ship. Their number, so unusual for merchantmen, and the act itself, caused me to feel somewhat alarmed. No inhabitant of the place, except myself, was in view; so, bursting through the gorse, I ran towards the village with all speed, when who should I see approaching but the very man I was going to seek—an old naval quartermaster, a pensioner, and native of Llanwnda—the only one among us who possessed a glass, which he now carried in his hand. Without one word of reply to my hurried tidings, he strode to the edge of the cliff, threw himself prone on the turf, and poised his telescope—"Red, white, blue!" suddenly broke from his lips. "French men-o'-war, sink me! I see their sentry at the gangways; and now I look again, the decks are black with soldiers." Of this truth we were immediately convinced. Men, like swarms of ants, lowered themselves into the boats, their bright polished muskets, and the brass ornaments of their cross-belts, gleaming in the setting sun-light. Then they pushed off, one boat having a huge cresset fire blazing red, and keeping in the centre, as a guide to the rest. The dull grinding sound of the oars in the row-locks was distinctly audible; and soon the ringing echo of their boat-hooks upon the rocky platform beneath us told of the spot they had selected for disembarkation. It was well chosen; no other landing-place exists; and a steep, rugged, winding path leads to the summit. Then came the crash and uprooting of the bushes, and execrations from many voices, as they stumbled and struggled up the path, rendered doubly slippery and dangerous by a long-continued drought. Their approach warned us to be off, and that something better might be done than lying there in ambush, while an army of foreigners was in the act of landing upon our shores. The town of Fishguard, entirely shut out from a view of this portion of the harbor, knew as yet nothing of the fate that awaited it. The neap-tide had left there upwards of eighty fishing-craft high and dry upon Goodwick Sands; and the owners, absent with their families, little dreamed that the whole fleet might in an instant be wrapped in flames.

My companion, the old man-of-war's man, from his professional training, was the first to suggest how we should act. "You are a huntsman," he said, "and can run all day over these rocks after a yelping cry of beagles. Show us your mettle now that there is worse afoot. Over with you to Mordaunt Hall, and let the colonel know what we've seen. Fly into Fishguard, and rouse them there. They will be startled to learn how fair a chance their is that the whole of them will this night be burned in their beds."

I flew across the moors as the crow flies, dashing through many a foaming rivulet, nor took breath until I stood on the eminence above the house. The squire had been hunting, for, as I leaped the boundary-wall, the sound of a horn, a yell of dogs, and the still louder screech of human voices, combined into a view halloo, came through the hall-windows. In that family, and in some others in remote districts of Wales, [illegible] as soon as dinner is over, of casting all the fragments—the remains of every dish—upon the floor, and letting in the dogs to feed, cheered by the master's voice and horn.

There was no time for ceremony. Bursting open the hall-door, I stumbled in, trampling on the canine guests. My strange aspect—coatless, hatless, reeking with perspiration, and drenched to the waist, with the bill-hook still held in my unconscious hand—was regarded with silent amazement, for it indicated some errand more serious than a request for the hounds to visit Llanwnda, and rid the good-wives of some vagrant varmint, depopulating their hen-roost. I told my tale. A never-to-be-forgotten change came over their countenances and demeanor on learning that the Gaul, "the Corsican Usurper," as Bonaparte was then popularly designated, was at their gates, his fleet at anchor in the bay, and soldiers landing by thousands; for fear had done its usual work upon my excited imagination. Dashing the untasted glass from his lips, up sprang the jolly hunter of the hills. He seized his huge cavalry-sword suspended over the mantle-piece, and throwing open windows and doors, shouted: "Ho! Jenkin, Davies, Gwatkin! all of ye—clap the military housings on Glendower, holsters, pistols, and all. Call the keeper; let him rouse the village, get home the men, distribute every gun, and every charge of powder and shot in the house and parish, and meet me in the town. And thou, Owen, lad," addressing his son, a swart, blithesome, brawny-shouldered stripling "thou art a noted good one across country. Jump upon thy mare; ply whip and spur as though the foul fiend hunted thee; carry the news to the lord-lieutenant. Thou wilt doubtless be the foremost. Ride, I tell thee, as thou hast never ridden yet."

The latter part of this hurried ejaculation scarcely reached the ears intended for it, as already in the saddle, and topping the stone-wall like a deer, the young man disappeared from our sight. My mission followed. I was to mount and ride to the pitmen, and to the miners of Prescelly Hills, and let them know how these accursed Frenchmen were on shore, to plunder and burn their homes, and murder wives and children. "Tell them," cried the impassioned old man, "to shoulder scythes, mattocks, spades, and pitchforks, and remembering they are Welshmen, show that the ancient spirit of the Cymri has not died out." Something very like, if not exactly those words, he spoke; then striking the rowels into Glendower's flank, the deputy lord-lieutenant of Pembrokeshire galloped towards the shore, to reconnoitre the Frenchmen's proceedings. How effectually I performed my commission, will appear in the sequel.

It was near midnight ere I got back into my own neighborhood, and as I turned in the saddle to take a backward glance, with joy unutterable I saw every beacon of the great Prescelly mountain-chain in a blaze of light. The alarm had now spread far and wide. The steep road leading from Goodwick beach was completely blocked up by vehicles, piled high with household stuff, all seeking refuge in Fishguard. The sound of hurried, anxious voices, the blows and execrations bestowed upon the slow or stubborn cattle, and the moaning voices of women, old men, and children, sounded sad and solemn in the gloom of that cloudy starless night.

Without exchanging a word with any one, I dragged my jaded horse up the first pitch of the ascent; and from thence a sight was visible which no Welshman who witnessed it will ever forget. A huge fire had been kindled in the centre of the road, fed with gates torn from the fields, and the rafters, lintels, doors, and other wood-work of houses reduced to ruins; and the red flame, as it shot high into the air at each copious supply of fuel, flashed brightly upon the polished arms of hundreds of ruffians basking in its heat, and on the tricolor flag, waving above their almost inaccessible position—a precipice 300 yards in circumference, defended on three sides by the sea, and in front by a deep glen. Its rugged head—more impregnable than the Malakoff and Redan of modern wars—commanded a most extensive prospect, including Fishguard and all the country round. Hunger alone could dislodge those who stoutly defended it. Yet this stronghold Lord Cawdor had resolved to storm on the Friday after the descent; it being impossible to restrain the fury of the peasantry. Luckily circumstances to which I shall presently allude, led to an unconditional surrender, and averted the slaughter which must inevitably have ensued.

I again approached the cliff, and lay down to look over. The boats and their cresset fire still moved backwards and forwards on the face of the sea. As to the rock, great fires blazed there, and men stood around holding a hundred torches, while others appeared at intervals all up the ascent, to light those who pushed up the heavy ammunition-casks, without even a rope to assist them. On a great stone above, still called by the name of "The Frenchman's Chair," sat an officer, as I judged by the white plumes of his hat, watching their operations, and wrapped in a cloak, who afterwards proved to be General Tate. He never changed his position during the whole night, and was surrounded by scores of ammunition and brandy casks; some of the latter having burst, so burned a large space of the turf, that nothing green flourished there for seasons afterwards, which the people regard as a special curse, and they still point out the place as having never been clothed with wholesome herbage since it was profaned by the Frenchman's tread.

In the fields, long lines of cooking-fires were glowing. They had plundered every pigsty and fowl-house within six miles of the spot, besides slaughtering a bullock and more than thirty sheep. Pembrokeshire is a dairy county, and every farmer has by him a greater or less store of butter for export, which he keeps in large brass pans. These the Frenchmen converted into camp-kettles, boiling the geese, fowls and pork, literally in butter! The sickening effect of this gross food on wretches who had been restricted to the daily allowance of a couple of biscuits and half-a-pint of water during the whole voyage from Brest, will be easily surmised. But, in the opinion of the Welsh, a kind Providence worked an almost miracu- [illegible] are not uncommon on that iron-bound coast. The people are inveterate wreckers, and a Spanish wine-ship had been cast away on Llanwnda rocks about three weeks previously. Almost every farmhouse and cottage had a cask of it, which the robbers, wandering from homestead to homestead, with national instinct, soon discovered. They rolled off the barrels, and stove them in at their firesides, or carried away the contents in milk-pails and buckets, and the result was not long in manifesting itself. Sick, drunk, and helpless, they lay sprawling in hundreds before their fires; or in endeavoring to wander off in search of fresh plunder, tumbled into ditches and plough-furrows, where they passed the night. Numbers were fated never to witness another sunrise. The villagers, who, at the first alarm, had concealed themselves in rocks and furze-brakes, rallied their native courage, and armed with every ready weapon, tracked their foes with the persistence and fierceness of blood-hounds. Events occurred during that night which roused their passions to madness. A farmer, pressed into service, to assist in rolling up their stores, had the temerity to attempt to escape. The subaltern officer in command instantly drew a pistol, and shot him through the head. Two women in the same house, the one ill in bed, the other decrepit through years, were brutally assailed by a party, who afterwards plundered and set fire to the cottage. The husband, frantic with grief and horror, snatched up his scythe, and rushed out for vengeance. Near the cliffs he encountered a single Frenchman, and cleaving him to the chin with one blow of his deadly weapon, hurled his carcass into the sea. It fell to the shore, and lodged in a crevice of the rock, remained visible at low water for a twelvemonth afterwards. In Llanwnda village, the owner of a farm approaching stealthily towards his threshold, saw a single enemy seated before a blazing fire, formed of his tables and benches, coolly regaling himself with bread, cheese, and wine. In sprang the farmer, and the Frenchman as nimbly clapping hands upon his musket, made a bayonet-thrust at his host. The latter received it between the prong of his hay-fork, and with a return-blow, transfixed the soldier, and then shook him off into the fire. Five Welshmen encountered a similar number of the enemy dragging off a calf; they had a hand-to-hand fight, in which two Frenchmen were killed, and the calf rescued, the rest taking to their heels.

When the morning of Wednesday broke upon the scene, it showed Lord Cawdor crossing Goodwick Sands at the head of his little troop of yeomanry, and about three hundred of the Cardigan and Pembrokeshire militia. Upwards of 2,000 pitmen, miners, and peasants, with all the resident gentry of nearly three counties, welcomed their arrival with a shout that must have been heard in the enemy's camp. They had assembled from every hill and valley, and were armed in the most primitive style—scythe-blades, fixed upright at the end of stakes, mattocks, spades, hay-forks, axes, and reaping-hooks; very few had guns. A ferocious spirit animated them: the scythemen, brandishing aloft their terrific weapons, made the air re-echo with impatient cries to be at once led to the attack.

"We'll mawe 'em down," they cried, "as we'd mawe a swaythe o' grass!" Not the least remarkable of the new-comers was a dissenting clergyman named Jones, armed with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, at the head of his entire male congregation. The news reached Haverfordwest at seven of the preceding evening, whilst this scion of the church-militant preached to a crowded chapel. It was soon whispered in the pulpit. With great presence of mind, he exhorted his hearers to remain firm, nor turn their backs in the day of battle, &c., concluding with an offer to be himself their leader. The whole congregation rose *en masse*, and assented with acclamations. Seizing every ready weapon, they forthwith commenced their march. Such, indeed, is the force of example, that lads were seen following their fathers' footsteps, armed like them with forks and reaping-hooks.

Preparatory to his contemplated attack on the Frenchman's stronghold, Lord Cawdor rode out, at the head of his yeomanry, to within half a mile of their camp. Had the enemy been furnished with artillery, as their lofty rock commanded the road, they need not have left alive one single horseman to carry back the news of his comrades' fate. As it was, after a careful survey, the party coolly trotted off homewards. This visit, curiously enough, led to most important results. The French officers, deceived by the splendid chargers and handsome uniform of these forty yeomen, mistook them for the English general and staff; and presuming that so large a military suite must belong to a proportionably large body of troops, it was resolved to treat for a surrender. Drunk and mutinous as were their followers, no chance of successful operations could be anticipated; and to add to their despair, the ships had early that morning weighed anchor, and left them to their fate. Another misconception, still more ludicrous, which even to the present hour, is a subject of merriment with the Welsh, gave an additional impulse to their resolve. Several hundred women, young and old, had followed their husbands from the hills, dressed in the national costume—red mantles and men's beaver hats. No sooner had Lord Cawdor started with his troopers, than they, with the natural curiosity of their sex, ran up a hill commanding a view of the French camp, and there stood in a dense body watching the result. One of the gentlemen present, struck by their resemblance at a distance to a body of soldiers, rode after them, requesting they would descend the front of the slope in close order, and disappearing at the bottom, re-ascend in the same manner, and show themselves on the summit. This manœuvre they repeated for a couple of hours, until the jolly Welsh wives were fairly dead-beat. But the stratagem had all the success anticipated. General Tate and his staff, knowing that scarlet was the British uniform, but unable to discriminate whether it was worn by men or women, concluded that large reinforcements had reached Fishguard, of which his late visitors were the officers. Late on Wednesday night, therefore, a French officer, furnished with a flag of truce, presented himself at Lord Cawdor's headquarters, as the bearer of the following letter:

"CARDIGAN BAY,
"*5th Ventose, 5th Year of the Republic.*

"SIR—The circumstances under which the body of troops under my command were landed at this place, renders it unnecessary to attempt any military operations, as they would tend only to bloodshed and pillage. The officers of the whole corps have therefore intimated their desire of entering into a negotiation, upon principles of humanity, for a surrender. If you are influenced by similar considerations, you may signify the same to the bearer; and, in the meantime, hostilities shall cease.—Health and respect.

"TATE, *Chef de Brigade.*"

If, by a sort of miracle, the French officer escaped being massacred as he passed through the streets of Fishguard, a strong escort alone preserved him from that fate in returning. A storm of execrations—"Diawlddyn" (mandevil,) &c.—and sticks and stones, pursued him across the sands.

At daylight, on Thursday morning, Major Ackland carried the following ultimatum up to the enemy's camp:

"FISHGUARD, *February* 23.

"SIR—The superiority* of the force under my command, which is hourly increasing, must prevent my treating upon any other terms short of your surrendering your whole force prisoners of war. I enter fully into your wish of preventing an unnecessary effusion of blood, which your speedy surrender can alone prevent, and which will entitle you to that consideration it is ever the wish of British troops to show an enemy whose numbers are inferior. My major will deliver you this letter, and I shall expect your determination by ten o'clock by your officer, whom I have furnished with an escort that will conduct him to me without molestation. I am, &c.,

"CAWDOR.

"*To the Officer commanding the French troops.*"

In the meantime, stragglers, four or five together, continued to be brought in by the peasantry, bound hand and foot with hay-bands. Many, too inebriated to walk, had been put on horseback, with their arms pinioned, and their legs tied beneath the horse's belly, while the captors, on either hand, waving their scythes, were only watching for the slightest movement at escape to strike off their prisoners' heads.

On reading Lord Cawdor's letter, the French commander endeavored to parley about time and conditions, which Major Ackland cut short by replying: "No, not for an hour! instant and unconditional surrender can alone save you from being cut to pieces. It is impossible to restrain the troops." And turning his horse, he galloped back to head-quarters.

In expectation of their immediate submission, Lord Cawdor drew up his force so as to present as imposing a front as possible, for the Frenchmen numbered full 1,400, completely armed, and provided with ample supplies of ammunition. The Cardigan and Pembroke volunteers he placed in the distance, so as to conceal the paucity of their number; the populace, furious and impatient for a collision,

* In reality, not half their number

planted themselves upon the fern-clad slopes at the back of Goodwick Sands; the cavalry, with the general and his *real* staff, took up a central position on the shore; the crimson-cloaked damsels occupied their accustomed hill. A deep silence reigned unbroken, except by the dash of the flood-tide upon the beach, and every eye was turned towards the steep white road by which our invaders would make their inglorious descent. Exactly at two o'clock, the head of the column came in sight. Starting to their feet, and brandishing their uncouth weapons, the vast multitude received them with a yell so terrific, that the panic-stricken French halted, and began to load and screw on their bayonets, believing they had been only decoyed to their destruction. And without the smallest doubt, the scene of their surrender had been one of bloody massacre, but for the precaution of stationing guards at every avenue to the shore. By these, and the energetic appeal of his lordship, who galloped with his horsemen along the line of peasantry, addressing them in Welsh, the catastrophe was averted, and the Frenchmen continued their march, until arrived at the centre of Goodwick Sands. There Lord Cawdor approached the officer, and after a brief colloquy, the whole band threw down their arms, and passed onwards. The military now advanced, and while a portion secured their enemy's muskets, the rest then mounted guard over them. And now the Welsh women, unable longer to restrain their curiosity, ran down the hill, and crowding round their crest-fallen invaders, assailed them with shouts of laughter, and that volubility of vituperation of which their native tongue has a fitting supply. Maddened with useless regret at having lost, by their excesses, an undoubted opportunity of devastating three counties by fire and pillage, and by the discovery that the formidable force of British troops which terrified them into surrender was merely a bevy of old Welsh women, theirs was the *climax of despair. The soldiery, indeed, gave* no very audible indications of the fury that agitated them; but some women who had come ashore with them, with less self-control, rushed at the laughing "red cloaks," uttering cries of "Sang, sang!" and significantly rubbing their hands together, to intimate how pleased they should feel had fortune permitted them to wash their hands in their blood. One woman, superior to the rest in dress and personal appearance, the wife or mistress of General Tate, losing all self-control, sprang at him like a tigress, and tore the white hair in handfuls from his head.

Here closed the last scene of this memorable tragi-comedy. The prisoners were marched to Haverfordwest, and confined in the castle and the church. The interior of the latter they utterly destroyed, tearing down the altar, defacing the tombs, and burning the seats and pews under their camp-kettles. Soon afterwards, the government having resolved to ship them back to the coast of France, several neutral vessels were engaged in that service, the public voice, however, being strongly expressed that they should previously be branded as *"rogues and vagabonds." Of the few officers* admitted to their parole, one proved unworthy of the trust, and was detected in attempting to raise money for his escape by a rather singular circumstance. Entering the only silversmith's shop in Haverfordwest, he offered for sale an antique silver vessel, on the front of which a single word, nearly effaced, had been traced in rude characters. The letters "Lis," however, being deciphered, the shopkeeper inquired their meaning, to which his customer, with ready assurance, replied: "La Vendee—La Vendee, the name of my province, from whence I brought over the cup." A more careful examination, however, substituted Llanwnda for La Vendee. The stolen chalice was sent back to the church, and the vender exchanged his comfortable quarters at the "Castle Hotel" for a cell in the castle jail. To complete the total discomfiture of this piratical expedition, all the ships engaged in it shortly after fell into the hands of an English squadron under Admiral Lord Bridport, whilst cruising off Ushant. Government liberally reimbursed the sufferers; and Mary Williams—the victim of peculiar atrocity—received a pension of £50 per annum, which she was alive to enjoy when I last visited the principality. But nothing could tranquillize the general mind. For years afterwards, the sight of a strange sail revived the former panic; and a cry of "The French! the French!"—sometimes in earnest, oftener in sport—uttered in the porch of church or chapel, was sufficient to interrupt the service, and bring the whole congregation pell-mell into the road.

☞ "Ah," said an Englishman, the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And *I*," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

☞ People should be hungry with the eye and the ear as well as the mouth. When all a man's necessaries of life are those which go in at the port-holes of the stomach, it is a bad sign.

☞ Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser and the charge preferred against him.

☞ Newton's nephew was a clergyman. When he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, he always refused the fee, saying—"Go your ways, poor devils; I have done you mischief enough already."

☞ A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

☞ The autumn, with its fruits, provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases; the spring brings flowers to strew upon our hearse; and summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves.

☞ Many persons, when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life, throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over.

☞ Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Asia arrived at New York on the 5th, with dates to the 21st.

An important Free Trade manifesto has been promulgated by the French Emperor, having reference chiefly to an entire abandonment of duties on wool and cotton, and a successive reduction on sugar and coffee. Measures of internal improvement in France are included in the manifesto, by a reduction of canal dues to government, and a general lowering of the transport loans to be granted to agricultural and other branches of industry, by undertaking considerable works of general utility. The manifesto is received with marked satisfaction by the leading London journals.

With regard to Napoleon's Free Trade programme, he is represented to have said, in reply to certain observations:—"The manufacturers who exist solely because they are protected, have been aware of my intentions for five years, and have had plenty of time to prepare for the change. The system of prohibition has had its day, and I have not the power to raise the dead."

The Morning Chronicle says the new commercial treaty embraces, on the side of France, the suppression of prohibitions, and a reduction of the duties on coal and iron. On the part of England, a reduction of the duties on wines, spirits, articles de Paris and silks.

The London Herald believes the treaty has been already signed, and will come into immediate operation.

The English news is not very important. It is said in the London journals that the Ministerial Reform measure is ready for Parliament, and will be submitted to the House of Commons at the earliest opportunity.

The Earl of Derby, at a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool, expressed the hope that the ensuing session would witness the adoption of a good measure of reform. He believed the conservative party would offer no factious opposition to it.

It is rumored that the increased intimacy between Austria and Russia has in view the subjugation of Hungary. These Governments are rapidly growing more intimate.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent reiterates a previous statement that a portion of the French Imperial Guards had received camping equipage, and that the regiments quartered at Versailles are ready to march at a moment's notice, for Italy, as the officers believe.

The Pope has replied to Napoleon, positively refusing to cede the rebellious provinces. It is believed that the current events will lead to a war between Sardinia and Naples. The King of Sardinia had accepted the resignation of his ministry. Count Cavour was forming a new cabinet.

Napoleon had forwarded a highly important letter dated December 31, to the Pope, in which he endorses the policy of the Paris pamphlet, and recommends his Holiness to surrender the Romagna. It was read to the Pope on New Year day, just as he had pronounced an allocution to Gen. Goyon, hinting at a disavowal of the paper by Napoleon.

It is reported that the Archbishop of Paris has resigned his seat in the Council of the Empire. His resignation is expected to give a more determined attitude to the clerical opposition to the Emperor's anti-Papal policy.

The Markets.—*Liverpool, Jan. 20th.*—Cotton, under the improvement of trade at Manchester and advices from America, received by the Arago, became buoyant and active, and the prices were advanced ¼d on all qualities. The sales of the week foot up 103,500 bales, of which 14,500 were taken by speculators, and 19,500 by exporters.

Some Circulars report that the advanced quotations were not maintained, while others state that the market closed steady.

Flour is steady. Wheat and Corn have declined. Beef steady. Pork quiet. Bacon steady at 48s@ 51s for middles. Lard is steady and in more demand at 56s@58s. Sugar firm. Coffee steady. Rice firm; Carolina is quoted at 23s 6d. Rosin firm; common 4s 3d@4s 6d. Spirits of Turpentine steady at 35s 6d@36. Tea active, and advanced ¼d.

A SKULL.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul.
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host that never brook'd control;
Can all saint, sage or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?
—*Byron.*

☞ The Niggers and Congress.—The "niggers" who do the "menial" work at the Capitol are a shrewd set of fellows. Tuesday one of them was standing by one of the doors of the House, looking in at the members. The doorkeeper said, "Jim, they're talking about niggers in there." "Well," was the response, "dat's der business. Lor bless you, if it wasn't for de niggers, dere wouldn't be no Congress."

☞ What line in Shakspeare is most applicable to a young lady of much beauty but little conversational power? "She speaks, yet she says nothing."

☞ Bryant says that "the groves were God's first temples." A good many romantic young lovers unquestionably find them delightful meeting-houses.—*Prentice.*

A lady who her love had sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings were made of gold?
I ventured thus t' instruct her:
Love, ma'am, and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from heaven they came;
Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor.

☞ A man once came to the Khojah, saying: "Effendi, I have great need of an ass to-day; have the kindness to lend me yours."

"I have not an ass here," said the Khojah. At the same moment the animal began to bray in the stable.

"Ho!" said the man, "do not I hear your ass braying?"

"What!" exclaimed the Khojah, "would you take the word of an ass in preference to mine?"

☞ An irascible old gentleman was taken with sneezing in the cars lately. After sneezing in a most spasmodic way eight or ten times, he arrested the paroxysm for a moment, and extracting his handkerchief, he thus indignantly addressed his nasal organ: "Oh, go on—go on—you'll blow your infernal brains out presently."

☞ When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said—"Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."—*Smiles's Self-Help.*

☞ "Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was too good-looking; and when I opened the door, folks took me for the missus."

☞ In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article:—"Memoirs of Charles I., with a head capitally executed."

NEWS ITEMS.

A New Antediluvian.—M. Adolphe Radignel, a civil engineer, who has long made human remains in the different geological strata a special study, has called the attention of the French Academy to facts which he thinks prove the existence, at a distant epoch, of a species of man distinct from the present.

Dr. Courtny, a professor at Montpelier, reports remarkable success in the treatment of chronic and very violent asthma, by injecting six drops of a saturated solution of the sulphate of atropine in the immediate neighborhood of the pneumo-gastric nerves. The action was immediate, and in a month the patient had completely recovered.

A singular and truly afflicting casualty occurred in Olmstead, Cuyahoga county, New York, a few days ago. A bright little lad of three or four years of age, a son of Mr. Briggs, wishing to see the men dress hogs, his mother put on his cloak and the father placed him in the branches of an apple tree, where he could look on and be out of the way. The lad was perched near by his father, and directly over where persons frequently passed to bring hot water, &c. Nothing unusual was observed, but when, after sometime, the father lifted down his little son, to his horror, he found him dead. The cloak had caught on a limb and strangled the child.

Leap Year.—A Scotch statute of 1,223 reads as follows:—"It is statut and ordaint that during the reine of her maist blissit Magestie, ilk forth year, known as leap year, ilk maiden layde of baith high and low estait, shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; albyit, if he refuses to tak hir to be his wif, he shall be mulcted in ye sum of ane poundis (£1,) or less as his estait moi be, except and awis if he can mak it appear that he is betrothed to ane women, that he shall then be free."

Cigars More Expensive than Bread.—Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Connecticut, recently preached a strong sermon against the use of tobacco. He exhibited facts and statistics showing its destruction of health and sanity, its demoralizing influence, and its useless expense. It costs the people of the United States over forty million dollars annually—far more than is spent for all purposes of education. New York city uses up daily $10,000 in cigars and $8,500 in bread. He predicted that the valley of the Connecticut would be blasted by it and become as barren as the old tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland.

The Mississippi Legislature has passed a law divorcing all married persons within the limits of that state who live apart for the period of three years. "Distressed hearts" will now take the road leading to Mississippi.

An old lady, Mrs. Frances Kindred, is now an inmate of the Warren county (Ohio) Poor House. She formerly lived in Anson county, N. C., and was rich in lands and negroes, but has spent all her property in liberating her slaves. In 1852, she went to Hillsborough, Ohio, with her last slave. She has since become so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to take refuge in a poor house. She and her friends now appeal to philanthropists to contribute enough to get her out of the poor house and place her in a more tolerable institution. Mrs. Kindred is now eighty-three years old.

A German astronomer, M. Schwabe, endeavors to show that certain furrow-like streaks observable upon the surface of the moon are ascribable to the existence of vegetation. These streaks appear and disappear, he says, according to the season.

Hume, the Connecticut Yankee tailor, who swopped his spiritualism for a Russian Princess, has perpetuated in his family his powers as a medium. A letter from him in London, says he receives intelligent communications through his infant son!

The breach of promise case of Stevens against Elisha Fuller, which has afforded the old ladies of New Bedford such a subject of gossip, the disappointed maid being fifty-five and the faithless young man sixty-eight, has been settled by the parties, the jury being unable to agree. The defendant allows her two hundred dollars damages, and pays the costs of the suit, while she claimed four thousand dollars.

The Boston Herald tells a story of a child which narrowly escaped death, in consequence of having the blood sucked from its nostrils by a cat. The pillow and bed on which the child lay asleep were saturated with blood. This is termed a felineous assault.

A fanatical Hindoo, cultivated for forty years the growth of a finger nail, and he found its measure to be thirteen inches and a half. The finger nails grow their whole length in a few months.

In the recent report of the Harper's Ferry Committee of the Virginia Legislature, it is alleged that Pennsylvania has "secured a trial by Jury to fugitive slaves." This is a curious error—Pennsylvania has done nothing of the kind.

A New Steam Freezer.—M. Calla has invented a new apparatus for the production of ice by a continuous circulation of ether—the circulation being produced by pumps worked by steam-power. This apparatus is not new in principle, but M. Calla has introduced so many economies that he gets seventy pounds of ice per hour per horse-power employed—nearly double what has been obtained before.

Partridges.—The Springfield Republican cautions the public against eating partridges at this season, as they are obliged to feed on laurel leaf, the extract of which is a virulent poison to the human system. This extract impregnates the flesh of the bird, and numbers of persons have been poisoned from eating it.

A prize skating match came off at Rochester last Friday. About twenty entered for the race, which was for a distance of four miles and a half. The first prize was won by Amenzo Cooley—time, nineteen minutes thirty-three seconds.

Relation of Color Between the Hair and the Brain.—M. Gubler is of opinion that there is a constant relation between the color of the skin and of the cerebral matter. He says that he has thus been enabled to distinguish the brain of a negro among seven or eight others. The color is not due to congestion, but to the presence of black granules of pigment, as in the choroid and black matter of the lungs. They are insoluble in strong acid, unlike those due to the presence of sulphates; and are especially observable in the Rachidian bulb and pons.—*Lancet.*

Seizure of Arms.—A consignment of arms numbering 23,500 rifles, was shipped by Mr. W. M. B. Hartly, secretary of Colt's Arms Company, from New York for London, per barque C. B. Truitt. The British authorities at Cork seized the vessel and cargo. The arms were said to have been contributed by American sympathizers to Garibaldi.

Eighteen citizens of Mason and Bracken counties, in Kentucky, have been expelled on account of their anti-slavery sentiments, and arrived in Cincinnati.

A bill has been introduced into the Texas Legislature to imprison all northern preachers, teachers, and "drummers" found within the State.

A Valuable Negro.—The Greenville, N. C. Patriot, says:—"At a recent sale of property belonging to the estate of the late Mr. Joab Manning, a negro man, 33 years of age, sold for the large sum of $3,500. Shortly after the sale, the party who made the purchase was offered $4,000 for the man, who was a first rate carpenter, and very likely.

An Invention.—A Yankee in Utah has invented and set in operation an artificial lady, in full dress, propelled by a small boy, and advertises to sweep the sidewalks and crossings for a certain annual salary. The lady is crinolined according to the width of the sidewalk, the crinoline being so rigged that it can be widened or narrowed at pleasure.

Abolishing the Grand Jury.—Last winter the Michigan Legislature enacted a law which, in fact, really abolished the Grand Jury system, having made it optional either to inflict upon information or to empanel a jury, and the former is receiving the decided preference. Already Vermont has followed in her footsteps, and now the proper committee of the Wisconsin Senate has been instructed by a unanimous vote, to bring in a similar bill, which will without doubt pass into a law.

Very Cool and Distinguished Visitors.—The Picayune says a deputation of Kansas Indians, twelve in number, all chiefs, lately arrived at New Orleans and presented themselves before Mayor Slith, and claimed the hospitality of the city. They said they had come down on a pleasure trip to see the sights of this great place, and as they had heard that he was very rich, being the chief of the great people of New Orleans, they supposed he would provide quarters for them during a month. Questioned as to what they would need, they said they would be satisfied with a house to sleep in, with sufficient meat and daily bread, and some whiskey, of course.

Monopoly in Street Railroads.—New Orleans, La., has sold the right to lay down and operate passenger railroads in that city for thirty years, for the sum of $130,000. Baltimore, Md., will receive at least $1,000,000 for the same privilege, in the same space of time.

Cities on Paper.—A bill has been introduced into the State Senate of Minnesota, to provide for throwing town sites and their additions, back into farm lands. The Minnesotian calls this "a bill for the encouragement of agriculture." It is emphatically a good measure, and would suit other latitudes besides that of Minnesota.

Respect to a Negro Preacher.—The funeral of Armistead Walker, a colored preacher of Fredericksburg, Va., on the 22d ult., was attended by over 1,000 slaves and 400 whites, including many ladies. The deceased was a slave, and by his decent and Christianlike behaviour had gained the respect of all classes.

The trial of Stephens, one of the Harper's Ferry prisoners, is in progress at Charlestown, Virginia.

A singular marriage was effected in Paris a few weeks since. Some time since, M. Roger, (no relation of the celebrated tenor,) of the Theatre Imperial, saw a beautiful female slipper in a shoemaker's shop in the Rue St. Honore. The actor fell violently in love, unseen, with the person for whom it was made, and having discovered the young lady, made her an offer of his hand, which was accepted. The anecdote getting circulation, increased the performer's popularity, and now M. Roger is the lion of the day—or rather night.

The Governor of South Carolina has pardoned Francis Mitchell, porter of the steamboat Marion, who was sentenced to be hung for aiding in the escape of a slave.

The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer put its columns in mourning on account of the election of Mr. Pennington and speaks of that event as a national calamity.

The Legislature of Virginia have passed a bill declaring an amnesty to all persons who were engaged in duels previous to Jan. 10th.

Redpath has resolved not to respond to the summons of the Senate's Harper's Ferry Investigation Committee. He has left Boston for parts unknown.

Stephens (of Harper's Ferry notoriety) has been found guilty at Charlestown, Va., on all the counts against him. The speeches of the counsel for and against the prisoner were principally political—Sennott defending, and Messrs. Harding and Hunter assailing the Republican party. The prisoner received the verdict with most perfect indifference, and even appeared to smile at the announcement. The jury were out only fifteen minutes.

☞ Longfellow, in his "Hiawatha," thus elucidates upon the tendency of young women to run away with the "fellers:"

"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us,
Just when they have learned to help us,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers;
With his flute of reeds a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

☞ Louis the Fourteenth, playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw, a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Grammont happened to come in at that instant. "Decide the matter," said the King to him. "Sire," said the Count, "your majesty is in the wrong." "How!" replied the King, "can you thus decide, without knowing the question?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen would have given it for your majesty."

☞ Children think because they are children there is little they can do; but there is one thing harder to learn than all science, better to have than all gold, sweeter to friends than all outward loveliness, and attained by the child easier than by the man. It is patience—the secret of all true happiness, the securer of lasting affection, and the strongest lever of success.—*Exchange.*

☞ Lay of the Great Eastern.—De-lay.

☞ The Greatest Revolver on Record.—The World.—*Punch.*

☞ There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.—*Pope.*

☞ Don't force a man to take your advice. You can advise him to take a bath without pitching him into the river.

☞ The heart never grows better by age; I fear rather worse; always harder. A young liar will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older.—*Chesterfield.*

☞ The expression he values most in the human countenance is an appearance of roast beef and plum pudding; and if he has a red face and a round belly thinks himself a great man.—*Character of John Bull.*

☞ Regularity in the hours of rising and retiring, perseverance in exercise, adaptation of dress to the variations of climate, simple and nutritious aliment, and temperance in all things are necessary branches of the regimen of health.—*Sigourney.*

☞ When it was represented to the late Sir Charles Napier in India, by certain Brahmin authorities, on the occasion of a suttee about to be solemnized, that the proprietors of this *auto da fe* had a law for it, which commanded observance, old Eagle-beak made answer thereto, "We also have a law that demands observance. You say you have a law for burning widows—well and good; burn your widow, by all means. But we have a law for hanging murderers; so, pending your suttee solemnity, I shall erect a gallows, and, as soon as the former is satisfactorily celebrated, I shall hang you up on the latter." We do not hear that the performance came off as announced.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Congress.—Officers at Last.—On Wednesday of last week, the House succeeded in electing a Speaker by the following vote:

Whole number of votes,	233
Necessary to a choice,	117
Mr. Pennington, (Rep.)	117
Mr. McClernand (Anti-Lec. Dem.)	85
Mr. Gilmer, (Southern Amer.)	16
Scattering,	15

Mr. Briggs, of New York, and Mr. Davis, of Maryland, (Americans) voted for Mr. Pennington, and thus decided the contest. Mr. Pennington (who is an Ex-Governor of New Jersey) made a short address on taking his seat, concluding as follows:

"In the execution of this high trust, my object will be to do my duty with impartiality and justice to all. I shall have great necessity, gentlemen, for your indulgence in the new position in which I am placed, and I feel entire confidence that I shall receive it at your hands. As a representative from the State of New Jersey, upon whose soil so many distinguished achievements were accomplished in the Revolutionary war, and whose people have ever been distinguished for their devotion to the Constitution and the Union, I pray the Great Arbiter of our destinies that I may do no act to impair the integrity of either, but that, by wise and prudent counsels, peace and order may yet reign in our midst, and our free institutions be perpetuated to our descendants. I feel that I have a national heart, embracing all parts of our blessed Union. Again thanking you for your kindness, I now enter upon the discharge of the arduous and complicated duties of my station. (Applause.)

Mr. Pennington has appointed Mr. Sherman chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—and thus leader of his party in the House.

On the 3d, Colonel John W. Forney, of Philadelphia, was elected Clerk of the House on the first ballot. The vote stood:

Whole number,	221
Necessary to a choice,	111
Mr. Forney, (Anti-Lecomp. Dem.)	112
Mr. Allen, (Dem.)	77
Mr. Taylor, (Southern American)	23
Mr. Dawson, (Dem.)	8
Mr. McKnew,	1

Mr. H. W. Hoffman, of Md., was elected Sergeant-at-Arms. The vote stood:

Mr. Hoffman, (American)	114
Mr. Glossbrenner, (Dem.)	92
Mr. Underwood, (Southern Amer.)	7

The election of Colonel Forney was effected by the votes of all present who had voted for Mr. Pennington as Speaker, together with those of Messrs. Horace F. Clark and Riggs, and with the exception of Mr. Davis, of Maryland.

Mr. Hoffman, of Maryland, also received the votes of all the Republicans and about half the American vote, and was thus elected.

Maryland.—In the Legislature, on the 3d, the resolutions received from the South Carolina Legislature, proposing a Disunion Convention of Southern delegates, were read.

The leading men of both parties denounced them as a proposition for national treason. There was quite a strong vote on a motion to lay them on the table without reading; and they would have been so disposed of but for the plea of respect due a sovereign State. They were finally made the order of the day for Wednesday.

The debate was of the most exciting character, only two members apologizing for the course of the South Carolina Legislature.

Gov. Hicks's letter to the Governor of South Carolina tells him that Maryland can see no relief from loss and injury by the establishment on her borders of a foreign asylum for her fugitive slaves.

Ohio Senator.—The Legislature have elected [illegible] United States Senator, in place of Mr. Pugh, to take his seat on the 4th of March, 1861. Mr. Chase was elected on the first ballot. The vote stood:

Mr. Chase, (Repub.)	75
Mr. Pugh, (Dem.)	54
Mr. Corwin, (Repub.)	5

Confirmed.—The U. S. Senate, in Executive Session, reconsidered and confirmed the nomination of Francis J. Grund as Consul to Havre.

Texas.—General Houston has sent the South Carolina resolutions to the Texan Legislature, accompanied by a message disapproving of a Southern convention. A resolution has been introduced in the Legislature, sustaining the Governor's position.

Senator Wilson's Testimony.—Senator Wilson (of Mass.) in his testimony before the Senate's Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, stated that, early in May, 1858, Colonel Forbes came to his seat in the Senate Chamber, and introduced himself, and informed him that he (Forbes) had been employed by Brown to go to Kansas, to drill some forces there, in 1857, and that Brown had not paid him; that his family was starving in Europe, and that the men of the East who contributed money for the defence of Kansas ought to pay him. He was much excited, and denounced Brown and others. He said that some of the arms sent to Kansas had passed into Brown's hands, and were stored in Java, and that he was not a safe man, and that these arms ought to be taken out of his control. Supposing that he referred to the border difficulties between Missouri and Kansas, and that Brown might retaliate any attack upon Kansas by going into Missouri, he (Mr. Wilson) wrote to Dr. Howe, suggesting him to see some of the men who had contributed arms for the defence in Kansas, to get these arms out of Brown's hands, and place them in the control of reliable men in that territory, who would see that they were only used for purposes of defence. He said that if those arms should be used for illegal purposes, it would involve the men who had contributed them in trouble. Dr. Howe immediately wrote back that an order had been sent to Brown to deliver up these arms. The matter passed out of his (Mr. Wilson's) hands, and he supposed all was right. He never heard a word about the organization of forces for invasion at Harper's Ferry, in 1858 or afterwards, and did not know that Dr. Howe had sent his letter to Brown.

☞ A Fighting Cock.—The cock of a pistol.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Two brothers of the name of Lawes creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre were called to order by the celebrated Felix M'Carthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said, "You shall hear from one of us—our name is Lawes." "Lawes, is it?" quoth Felix, "then I'll give you an addition to your name," and, exerting his well-known strength, handed them both out of the box, exclaiming, "Now, by the powers, you're both out-laws."

☞ Memorandum by a Mentor.—How annoying it is to find people prosper, instead of being ruined as we predicted that they would, in consequence of having pursued their own course instead of following our advice.—*Punch.*

☞ Mirabeau thus wrote to a young lady who had fallen in love with his genius, and wished to know how he looked—"Fancy his satanic majesty, after having had the small pox—and such am I."

☞ Height of Sympathy.—When a crew of whalemen cry because they see whales' *blubber.*

☞ Carlyle describes the young soul of Frederic of Prussia, during some youthful aberration, as "a rhinoceros wallowing in its mud-bath, with nothing but its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes!"

HISTORY OF MEXICO.

1¼ dozen	"Liberal" Victories per annum.	
2 "	"Illiberal" "	"
1½ "	Sieges	"
½ "	Conductas Robbed	"
28,379	Broken Heads	"
40,284	Bloody Noses	"

Balance struck, and accounts squared, every 31st December, starting *de novo*, as the lawyers say, on the 1st of January.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The Duke of Wellington was once refused admittance into the commander-in-chief's office by a soldier new to London; while Queen Victoria's predecessor, William the Fourth, was kept waiting outside a certain part of Windsor Castle through an official's ignorance of the royal identity. "You can't pass, old 'un," said he; "nobody's allowed to pass here after dark, except the King and the lamplighter."

☞ We read sometimes in our daily prints of infant misanthropes, who try to end their stay on earth after a short sojourn of fourteen years. But the cases are, praise Heaven, rare; for it takes a deal of care to kill a child's heart. They can sleep in baskets of nights and still be happy; one meal in two days fattens them, and as for blows, they lead a black and blue existence. So when a child dies of its own wish and act, it may be inferred that its sufferings were more than ten strong men could have borne.—*Augustus Mayhew.*

☞ *Scientific Governess, loq.*—My dear, if you puncture this ball, it will collapse. Do you understand me?

Little Boy.—Oh, yes. You mean, if I prick it, it will go squash.—*Punch.*

☞ Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.—*Burton.*

Weak you think us women—
Slaves of impulse, vain;
But our *heart* is oft-times
Truer than your *brain.*

☞ Och Clo.—The other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked that I said to him, "Pray why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way as I do now." The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can; but if you had to shout ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *Och Clo* as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his remark that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.—*Coleridge—Table Talk.*

BEAUTY IN OLD MEN.

Beautiful, forever,
The grief-softened tread;
And the time-touched glances,
And the dear gray head.

The pathetic paleness,
And the lines of care:
Memory's consecration
Makes men always fair.

☞ How to Manage Tough Poultry.—A party taking supper at an hotel a few evenings since, found the poultry rather tough. One genius, after exercising his ingenuity to no effect in trying to dissect a turkey, turned to the waiter and asked, "You haven't got such a thing as a powder-flask in the house, have you? for I think it will be the shortest way to blow this fellow up."

☞ A Lesson for Young Orators.—Rufus Choate's idea of addressing popular assemblies was to direct his remarks to some individual, and let the rest hear. He said: "This standing up and addressing a crowd vaguely, in an undefined mass, nobody in particular, and wheeling on the heel, looking about from side to side, cannot be the thing. It is no better than standing up fiddling; talk to *somebody.*"

☞ If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with just fear of God and of their fellow-men, we engrave on these tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

☞ The ideas, as well as children of our youth, often die before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and, unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.—*Locke.*

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**South Carolina.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
New Jersey.		**Alabama.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Delaware		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Maryland.		**Louisiana.**	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Ohio.**	
New York.		Solv bks	1 to 1¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**Kentucky.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Indiana.**	
New Hampshire.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Illinois.**	
Vermont.		Solv bks	4 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Massachusetts.		Old bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan.**	
Rhode Island.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Virginia.		Solv bks	4 dis
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis	**Texas.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Canada.**	
North Carolina.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	1¼ to 1½ dis		
Georgia.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

AGRICULTURE IN MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND VIRGINIA.—At the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, Dr. Hare (a resident of Harford county, Maryland,) rose, and desired to give a brief history of the agriculture of Maryland, in which State he had resided for the last thirteen years. He said that at the commencement of the present century, a general decrepitude afflicted agriculture in Maryland—the same as now affects a great portion of Massachusetts. In Maryland, there had been, since that period, a remarkable change in the price of land, there being a rise from $5 and $10 to $50 and $100 an acre. Thousands of acres of land had been subdued from its primitive state, and an equal or greater amount of worn-out land had been reclaimed by the use of manure and plaster, which had permanently improved a great portion of the whole State. The wheat raised was abundant and of excellent quality, while of corn there was sufficient not only for the population, but a large portion was exported to other States. In raising fruits they were improving, but its culture had not yet reached the extent and perfection which it would in a few years. The same results were observable in Delaware and Virginia. It gave him pleasure to note the improvement going on in that section of country which of late had been introduced on account of the peculiar domestic institutions existing there. He compared the condition of Maryland with the New England States, and declared that she was advancing in agricultural productions, while New England, particularly Massachusetts, was retrograding. He had travelled through the New England States, and in the valley of the Connecticut and other rivers in that section, and he found that the alluvial lands had been exhausted by the practice of constantly taking from the land its strength and power of production, without returning it again in the shape of manure.—This fact was shown by the people of the Eastern States turning their attention to manufacturing in preference to agriculture, and the result is, that they do not raise crops sufficient to feed their own people. They say in New England that manure is too high to make farming profitable. He regarded this as a fallacy, as he could buy bones in Boston and transport them to Maryland, and had done so, and made a profit on the transaction.

Dr. Thompson corroborated all that had been said by *Dr. Hare, in regard to the agricultural productions of the States of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia*, which he knew to be a fact from personal observation. He said the construction of a little railroad from Wilmington down the peninsula through Delaware and Maryland, had more than quadrupled the value of the land, which had been greatly improved, and was equal to any in the United States. The forests of that region, too, were found to be indispensable to furnish wood for our shipbuilding. In Newcastle county, Delaware, land was worth now from $100 to $200 per acre.—This land is suitable for corn, and he had known 110 bushels of shelled corn, per acre, to be gathered from a field of 12 acres. The corn crop he regarded as one of the most valuable produced in the United States, both for home use and exportation to the West Indies, and other foreign countries. It was particularly so to the South as an article of food, because the negro would not eat wheat bread if he could get corn bread, and it appeared more suitable to his constitution.

In speaking of the productiveness of Virginia land on the south branch of the Potomac, Mr. Van Meter had told him that they raised 160 to 180 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. The people here supposed that the Virginians had very poor farms. This was an error. They had some superior farms, and he instanced Mr. Turner's farm, in Jefferson county, Va., which he considered the model farm of the United States. The old worn-out land in Virginia was being rapidly reclaimed by the use of manures. In conclusion, he made some patriotic allusions to all sections living in "union" and harmony, and regretted the existence of unfriendly feelings at the North towards the South on account of its institutions.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—While in London, the celebrated bookseller, Mr. Dilly, invited Dr. Ewing, of Philadelphia, to dine with him, and added, "you will meet the great Dr. Johnson, but you must not contradict him; we never contradict him." There were several eminent literary gentlemen present, and engaged in easy conversation when Dr. Johnson entered the room, when it was immediately suspended. He scarcely noticed any one, but seized a book and read until dinner was announced—where he gormandized. The guests were engaged in a discussion of the expected controversy with America, and as Dr. Ewing had lately left his native country, he, with his usual frankness, and without adverting to, or regarding the prejudices of Dr. Johnson, began to defend the cause of the colonies. Johnson looked at him with sternness, and said,—"What do you know, sir, on the subject?"—Mr. Dilly's caution was forgotten, and Dr. Ewing calmly replied "that, having resided in America all his life, he thought *himself* qualified to deliver his opinion on the subject under discussion." This produced an animated conversation. Johnson's prejudices against the Americans were strong; he considered them, as he always termed them, rebels and scoundrels, and these epithets were by no means sparingly used.

It is difficult to say how far he might have been provoked by opposition in an argument, if a fortunate turn had not been given to the dispute. Johnson had very rudely said, "Sir, what do you know in America? You never read. You have no books there." "Pardon me, sir," replied Dr. Ewing; "we have read the Rambler." The civility instantly pacified him, and after the rest of the company had retired, he sat with Dr. Ewing until midnight, speaking amicably and eloquently, and uttering such wisdom as seldom falls from the lips of man.—*North American.*

CONGRESSIONAL FRACAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The following appeared in a paper of January 23, 1811, from a Washington correspondent:

As the members were coming out of the Representative Hall, after adjournment, a rather disagreeable fracas took place. Mr. J. Randolph was attended by two favorite dogs, who, in their haste to get out, incommoded some of the members, who made some observations on the occasion. Mr. W. Alston, of North Carolina, who, it is well known, was once before engaged in a quarrel with Mr. R., observed that "puppies were privileged in this place." Mr. R. conceived this as directed towards him, and remarked, "Alston, I have a great mind to cane you," and immediately struck Mr. Alston several times over the head and shoulders. A scuffle ensued, when friends interfered, and they were parted. Some very bitter expressions were made by each. Thus the affair stands at present.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Fernando Po, says that the slave trade on the African coast is in a very prosperous condition, despite all the efforts of the cruisers for its suppression. The barracoons averaged one to every twenty miles of coast from Cape Palmas to Loando, the owners taking their chance of profit by running the risk of capture, and deeming themselves well paid by realizing one-fourth of their human chattels. The British steamer Spitfire, Oct. 20, captured the American slave brig S. Harris, after a long chase, and sent her to Sierra Leone. She had 517 negroes on board. The Viper had captured another American brig the Tavanier, and had sent her to St. Helena.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 185—Adults 84, and children 101.

YANKEE START FOR HEAVEN.—The following "business view" of religious values will not be amiss in statistics:—"A pew is for sale in the meeting-house of the first parish in Amherst. The man that owns the pew owns the right of space just as long as the pew is, from the bottom of the meeting-house to the top or roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If a man buy my pew, and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven, if God lets him go. Let a man start from the right place, let him go right, keep right, do right, and he will go to heaven at last; and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There is no quotable change in prices, but the market has been very dull during the past week, the demand for Flour, both for export and home use, being of a very limited character; the sales reach some 8000 bbls, part for shipment, at $5.50@5,62½ for superfine, the latter for good straight brands; $5,87½ the pair for half bbls; $5,75 for Brandywine, and $5,75@6 for extras, including 2000 bbls of the latter and 1500 bbls W B Thomas's superfine, on terms kept private, the market, however, closing with a little more firmness on the part of holders. The sales to the trade have also been to a limited extent, within the same range of prices, for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to 7 ℔ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are not much inquired for; the former is selling as wanted at $4,12½@4,25, and the latter at $3,75 ℔ bbl for Penna.

GRAIN—The market is fairly supplied with Wheat, but the millers are not disposed to operate to any extent at the present asking rates, and prices have ruled in favor of the buyers; sales include only some 15,000 bus, in lots, at $1,28@1,35 for reds, chiefly at $1,33@1,34, for prime Pennsylvania and Southern, and $1,40@1,45 for white. Rye comes forward slowly, and meets with a steady demand at 92c for Pennsylvania. Corn has been dull and unsettled, but the market closes rather firmer, and some 15,000 bus, principally good yellow, sold at 74@75c, in the ears and in store; 71c for damp lots, and 71@73c for white. Oats are dull, and selling as wanted at 44@45c for Pennsylvania, and 43c for Maryland. Of Barley and Barley Malt the sales have been moderate at 80@85c for the former, and 85@95c for the latter, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—There is a better feeling in the market for the hog product generally, and prices are on the advance, owing to the more favorable tenor of the advices from the West; about 500 bb's Western mess Pork sold at $17,62½@18 ℔ bbl cash; a sale of Beef rounds was made at $15½ ℔ tierce; City mess is firm at $14@15 ℔ bbl. Dressed hogs are scarce, and selling at $7¼@7¼ the 100 lbs. Of Bacon, sales are making at 12@13c for plain and fancy Hams; 10@10½c for Sides, and 8@8½c for shoulders. Green Meats are also more active, with sales of Hams at 10@10½c; Sides at 9c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c, cash and short time, in salt. Lard is better, and about 500 tcs and bbls Western sold at 11½c, short time; kegs are worth 11½@12c. Butter moves off slowly at 10@12c for packed, and 14@17c for roll. Cheese is steady at 10@10½c ℔ lb. Eggs are very scarce, and selling at 25@26c ℔ doz, which is an advance.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled and rather weak, and only about 900 bales found buyers this week, manufacturers coming forward slowly at from 10 to 12½c for ordinary to middling and middling fair Uplands, cash, and 11¼@13½c, cash and 4 mos for Gulfs, closing dull under the less favorable tenor of the advices from abroad.

BARK—The market for Quercitron is unsettled and lower, and about 50 hhds have been picked up in small lots at $29@28 for 1st No 1; some coarse ground also sold at $27 ℔ ton; fine is wanted at $28. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BREESWAX continues in request at 36c ℔ lb for good yellow, and very little offering

COAL—The recent cold weather has increased the demand for home consumption, but there is little or nothing doing for shipment, and orders are scarce. Schuylkill W Ash, Lump, ℔ ton, $3,35; Prepared do, $3,35; Red Ash do, $3,50; Lehigh, Lump, $4,12½@4,25; Prepared do, $4,50@4,62½; by retail, do, $4,25@4,50; Sch Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE—The stock is light and holders firm, but the demand continues limited, and only about 1500 bags Rio have been disposed of at from 11½ to 12½; some Laguayra at 12½@13, and St Domingo at 11½@11½c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER is firmly held, but there is little or nothing doing in either English or American to alter quotations.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and small sales of Western are making at 47@48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT moves off as wanted at 5@6½c for Dried Apples; 9@12c for unpared Peaches; 13@16c ℔ lb for pared do, and $3@4 ℔ bbl for Green Apples. Cranberries are dull.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ℔ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@60c.

HEMP—There is no new feature in the market, and little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES remain very quiet. Some 2700 dry African have arrived this week, but they generally go East. Sales of 760 Caracoas Hides are reported at about 21c, on time.

HOPS move off rather more freely at 12@17c, as in quality. Old Hops are dull and neglected.

IRON—There is very little movement as yet in the market. Sales of about 6000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal, however, are reported at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time, mostly of the former for future delivery. Scotch Pig is quiet, and generally held above the views of buyers. Bloom and Boiler Plates are also quiet, and prices about the same.—Bars and Rails continue steady, but without much doing as yet, although the feeling is better.

LEAD has been quiet, and we are only advised of a small sale of Virginia Pig, at $5,75 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—The market is inactive, but good stock is scarce, and firm at previous quotations.

LUMBER—The market continues pretty much at a stand still, but without any change to note.

MOLASSES—There is very little doing, and the market continues dull. Sales of some 750 bbls N Orleans are reported, part at 49@50c, on time, and part at a price kept private. Sales of tart Cuba are also reported at 21@22c, usual terms.

PLASTER—There is nothing doing, and quotations are entirely nominal.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed having fallen off the market has ruled unsettled and very dull during the entire week; sales and resales to the extent of 4000 bush however are reported at from $4 to $4½ for inferior to fair, and $5@$5½ for good and choice lots, mostly at $5@$5½ ℔ bush, including some taken from second hands for export, at our highest figures, the market closing very dull. Timothy is scarce and wanted, and sales of good and prime are reported at $2½@$3 ℔ bush, which is an advance. Of Flaxseed, the sales are mostly at $1,60 ℔ bush for domestic, and but little offering.

SPIRITS—There is not much doing in Brandy and Gin, and holders of the former especially, are very firm in their views. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 36c. Whiskey is lower, bbls selling at 23@23½c for Pennsylvania; 24@24½c for Western; 21@22c for drudge, and 22½@23c for bbls; and not much doing.

SUGARS—The want of stock limits operations, and the market has been very quiet this week; sales include a few small lots only at 7¼@7¾c for Cuba, and 8@8¾c for New Orleans, on time.

TALLOW is moving off slowly at 10½c for city rendered.

TOBACCO—There has been some little doing in both leaf and manufactured for the supply of the trade, at steady rates.

WOOL—The market has been very inactive this week, but without any change to note, buyers holding off for the New York auction sale, to take place the 16th inst.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1600 head. The ruling figure were from 6 to 9½c and 10c, the latter for the best lots in the market. Sheep—3000 head arrived, and sold at from 5 to 5½c, live weight, equal to 10@10½c dressed. Cows—40 at market, and selling at from $25 to 50, according to quality.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1065 head were at market, and sold at $7¼ to 8¼ ℔ 100 net, lbs according to quality.

THE Portland (Me.) Temperance Journal, with much indignation, contradicts a report that the Hon. Neal Dow had fallen into habits of intemperance and intoxication—he only came near falling into a vat.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, the 1st instant, at Wakefield, Germantown, by Friends' ceremony, GEORGE W. CARPENTER, Jr. to MARY R. daughter of Thos. R. Fisher, Esq.

Saturday, April 19th, 1856, by the Rev. J. Duncan, Mr. CHAS. H. HARKNESS, to PHEBE E. HARRINGTON, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Henry S. Clarke, D. D., WILLIAM W. HARDING, to CARRIE B. daughter of Jas. H. Hart, Esq.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. MILLER MERCER, to Miss SUE H. KENNEDY, both of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the evening of first month, 31st, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence and in the presence of his honor, the Mayor, WILLIAM A. COOK, of Glenville, Harford county, Md. to SALLIE J. MICHENER, of West Nottingham, Cecil county, Md. West Chester and Ohio papers please copy.

On Tuesday, Jan. 31st, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, JOHN WHITTAKER, to EMELINE A. daughter of Mr. John Hamman.

On Tuesday evening, the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Benj. Watson, JOSEPH M. COWELL, to E. MARY M. daughter of the late Geo. Breidenhart.

January 31st, 1860, by the Rev. Robt. J. Carson, JOSEPH ROSE, of Baltimore, Md. to SUSIE C. daughter of Israel Jones, of this city.

At Norristown, Pa. on the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. R. B. Leacock, J. J. BORIE, of this city, to SUSAN PARKER, daughter of the Rev. I. H. Halsey.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. HARRY PRICE, to Miss MARY RYAN, both of this city.

On the evening of the 29th of Jan. by the Rev. John Kelly, Mr. M. C. TOURNEY, to ANNA LYNCH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. wife of Jas. M. Benners.

On third-day morning, the 31st of first month, SOLOMON JONES, in his 77th year.

On the 26th ultimo, CHARLES LLOYD, Sr. in his 34th year.

On the 26th ultimo, EMMA MATILDA, wife of Jos. M. Davis, and daughter of the late Andw. B. Kitchen in her 21st year.

In Stockton, California, Dec. 22, 1859, Captain BENJAMIN TUNIS, in his 66th year, formerly of this city.

In Burlington, on the 26th ultimo, EDWARD D. GUMMERE, son of Saml. E. and Elizabeth D. Gummere.

On Saturday, Jan. 28th, J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.

At his residence, at Mullica Hill, on Friday, Jan. 26th, Hon. JOSEPH HARKER, member of the New Jersey Legislature, from the Second Assembly District of Gloucester county, in his 40th year.

On the 31st ultimo, GEORGE J. PAGE, in his 28th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	104	—
" 5 "	94	—
Penna 6 pr ct.	75	—
" 5 " coupon	—	55
Allegh City 6 pr ct	85	92
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	44	55
Penna 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	93½
Penna 6 "	91¾	92
" 5 " coupon	77½	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	85¾	—
Ohio " (1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	114	115

BANK STOCKS, &c.	Bid.	Asked
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	133	—
Philadelphia	—	120
Far & Mec	55¼	56
Commercial	49	—
N Liberty	60½	—
Mechanics	28½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	33	33½
Kensington	64	65
Girard	45¼	46
Western	24	—
Man & Mec	28	27
Commerce	—	20
Tradesman's	22½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	19
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	28	—
Exchange "	—	28
Kentucky, Ky	118	—
Northern "	114	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	95
Planters "	—	109
N O Gas Light	100	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	25½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	½
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'ce	—	—
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	90	92
	85	87

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	99½	100½
2nd "	98½	97
stock	57½	57½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	122½	123
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	90
mort 6's '44	—	99
" '86	89	89
stock	13½	13¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	99	90
stock	—	60
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	92¼	—
Ches Val R R, '73	36½	—
Tioga R R, '75	—	55
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	55¾	56
2nd "	15	16
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	57½	59
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	65	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	50	50½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	57	57½
Har & Lan R R stock	97½	—
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	15
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47¾	48½
Illinois "	37½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '92	66	66½
imp. 6 pr ct	73½	75
stock	7	7½
preferred	—	—
Lehigh Nav stock	50	51
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	24	25
Morris Consol'd	43½	50
preferred	105	107
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	28
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds, 1878	27	29

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Wit and Humor.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A SHOWMAN.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

A showman meats with strange sites. He sees human natur as she are, unmasked & without no close on, & he must be stoopider nor a ded kab hoss if he dument stock his Branes with several kinds of nollege.

The undersined won't Boste. Ime a American sitterzun. I go in for the fast-sailin, snug-built & full-mand skeuner United States, whitch runs herself, she dux, & on whose decks 1 man is as good as another man, & frequiently moore so if he conducks hisself strate. To use a Shakespeerian frase, Ime naitv & to the manner born, & dont want to put on airs cimply beeawse Ive met with grate success in the show perfeshun (whitch Ive bin into goin on 22 yeres.) My wurthy projennytore was unable to giv me a cussycal eddycashun, & all I nose I pickt up

"As I saled, as I saled,"

to kote from Captain R. Kidd, the sellerbrated pirut. But thank Hevn my sire and siress gave me a good name, & I pint with feelins of pride & pleshure to the fack that nun of our family was ever in Congriss or on the New York perlice, or Arms house Guvner.

The ensoouin seens in my checkerd karreer is respectably submitted:—

WIMIN'S RITES.

I pitcht my tent in a small town in Injianny one day larst season, & while I was standin at the dore takin munny, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they was members of the Buncumvill Female Moral Reform & Wimin's Rites Associashun, and thay axed me if thay cood go in without payin.

"Not exackly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Do you know who we air?" sed one of the wimin, a tall & feroshus lookin crittur, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm, "do you know who we air, sur?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kursory vew, that you air females."

"We air, sur," sed the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Sosiety whitch bleeves wimin has rites—whitch bleeves in raisin her to her proper speer—whitch bleeves she is indowd with as much intellieck as man is—whitch bleeves she is trampild on & aboosed—& whitch will resist heneath & forever the incroachments of proud & domineerin man."

Durin her discourse, the eccentric female grabd me by the coat-kollar & was swingin her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, startin back, "that your intenshuns is honerable? Ime a lone man, hear in a strange place. Becides, Ive a wife to hum."

"Yes," cride the female, "& shes a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of *tyranny, & thinkin & speakin & votin for herself?* Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"Oh, whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air, "oh, whot is the price that wooman pays for her experience!"

"I don't know, marm," sez I, "the price to my Show is 15 cents pur individooal."

"& can't our Sosiety go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cride, & bust into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimin, takin me affeckshunitly by the hand. "Oh, please let my darter in? Shees a sweet gushin child of natur!"

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnel nonscents; "let her gush!"

Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultanious observation that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "bee4 you leeve, Ive a few remarks to remark; wa them wall.—The female woman is 1 of the gratest institooshuns of whitch this land kin boste. It's onpossible to git along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I shood scarcely be hear with my unparaleld show on this very auspishus occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. Oh, wooman, wooman!" I cride, my feelins wurked up to a hi poetick pitch, "you air a angil when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appariel & (mettyforically speakin) git into pantyloons,—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimins rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons seekin whom you may devour sumboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil, & air an emfattic noosance. My female friends," I continued, as thay was indignantly departin, "wa wall what A. Ward has sed."

A INSIDUNT IN UTIKY.

In the Faul of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun.—The pres was loud in her prases.

I day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snakes in my usual flowry stile, what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burley feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on to the ground. He then commenst fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the sun are you about!" cride I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss hear fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I,—"You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say, but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with whitch observashun he kaved in Judussis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies of Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3rd degree.

A CASH SUGGESTION.—Some time since, a money-lender of this city lent a merchant a small sum of money, at two per cent. a month; but owing to the hard times the note was not taken up at maturity, which alarmed the lender not a little. For several days after the note was protested, he would call at the store of the borrower, on East Water street, seat himself by the stove, set his hat carefully on the counter, put on his gold spectacles and read some newspapers, advertisements and all, for several hours. Whenever a dime or a dollar would be taken in, he would lower his paper, drop his head slowly, and look out over his spectacles to see where the money went, as if he feared it might drop in some place where it would not be found.

The merchant stood it as well as a man could under the circumstances, till one rainy day, when custom was scarce, and the air chilly enough to give one the blues, in came the lender and took his regular seat. Soon a boy came in for a spool of thread, and as the half dime was thrown on the counter, the merchant saw the eyes of his shadow, apparently saying "good-bye" to the coin.

Human endurance could bear it no longer. The merchant walked from behind the counter, poked the fire, turned around once or twice, and then, approaching close to his tormenter, said slowly, "Mr. ——, *do you think Professor Webster was really to blame for murdering Doctor Parkman?*"

The old chap started suddenly, laid down his paper, took his spectacles in one hand, and hat in the other, and left the store without saying a word, and has not been there since. As Webster murdered Parkman because the latter bothered him for lent money, the question scared the old fellow nigh unto death.—*Milwaukie News.*

RELATIVES IN COURT.—Here is a good story of Judge B——, late one of the justices of the Eighth District of this State—an amiable man and excellent Judge, who hated a mean action.

The Judge was trying at the Geneses Circuit an action in which one of the parties happened to be a namesake of his. During the trial, the party having an opportunity, and thinking probably to gain some advantage by it, approached the Judge and said:

"We are of the same name, Judge. I've been making inquiries, and find we are some relation to each other."

"Ah!" said the Judge, "is that so? Are you sure of it?"

"Oh, yes," said he; "no doubt of it."

"Well," said the Judge, "I am very glad to hear that—*very glad indeed.* I shall get rid of trying your action. I shall dismiss it, because I can't sit in a suit where I am related to one of the parties!"

This was a little more than the party had bargained for, and he began at once to paddle off. After a few inquiries as to the Judge's ancestry, and their residence, etc.,

"I think, Judge," said he, "I was mistaken. We are of quite different families, and not at all related."

"Ah!" says the Judge, "is that so!"

"Oh, yes," says he; "there is no mistake about it."

"Well," said the Judge, in a very emphatic tone, "*I'm glad to learn that—very glad. I should hate awfully to be related to a man mean enough to attempt to influence a Court as you have!*"

The would-be relative retired.

CANINE SAGACITY.—During the summer of 18—, a gentleman by the name of "Old Moss," who was considerably of a wag, was travelling on a steamboat up the Mississippi River. He had with him an ugly cur, that he called "Major." Old Moss was seated with a number of men in the cabin, and was boasting of what his dog could do. The captain, who was standing near, remarked that what he said might be true, but he did not believe it. Moss replied that he would bet the treats for all the gentlemen present, that he would make his dog do three things by telling him to do them. The captain took the bet. Old Moss then opened the door and went out on the guards, followed by the captain and gentlemen present, who were anxious to see the sport. Moss seized his dog by the nape of the neck and tossed him overboard. As soon as he touched the water, Moss yelled out—

"Swim, Major, swim!"

The dog swam, of course. Moss kept his eyes on the dog. As soon as he perceived that the dog could touch the ground, he roared out—

"Wade, Major, wade!"

Major waded until he landed on dry ground, when Moss shouted out—

"Shake yourself, Major, shake yourself!"

Major shook himself. Moss turned to the captain, who, with the gentlemen present, were convulsed with laughter, and exclaimed—

"There! I have won the bet."

It is useless, perhaps, to say that the captain paid the treats.

LIFE IS A MYSTERY.—The following is beyond all number the most extraordinary phenomenon we ever read:—Six ladies were enjoying themselves over the tea-table, and, by way of amusement, they began confiding to each other in secret how old they were; and it was found that their united ages amounted to one hundred and twenty-five years. The most singular thing, however, is, that the daughters of these six ladies—and each lady had one—were in the next room, trying over the last new Polka; and, upon calculating their united ages, the result revealed the astounding fact, that, though not yet married, still they were older than their mammas by seven years, eleven months, and fourteen days! The mystery is still unexplained; and yet we should be loth to accuse the young ladies, for the purpose of gaining a victory of no moment whatever, of having made themselves out to be older than they really were.

"NOW, SEE THERE!"

IT is not a pleasant thing, when going out to dinner, to have a summerset turned on to your stom—we mean waistcoat.

Agricultural.

SAWDUST AS LITTER AND MANURE.

Various inquiries are made in regard to the value of sawdust as litter for animals and as manure. We answer, that its value for manure depends much on the kind of wood it is made from. The difference in the effect of the decay of different kinds of wood on the soil, may have been noticed by most farmers. For instance the decay of an oak or maple stump in the soil, has rather a fertilizing effect—almost any crop growing with more rankness on the spot. The decay of a pine or hemlock stump has very little effect of this kind, and sometimes seems even to lessen the production of the soil. These results may be taken as indicating what would be the difference in sawdust from wood of the species mentioned.

We have known very good effects produced on heavy, tenacious soils by ploughing in hardwood sawdust. Of course it is on this kind of soil that the article might be expected to be most beneficial. We have known an instance where pine sawdust was applied in considerable quantities to a sandy loam—the sawdust having been first used as litter for cattle and mixed with their manure—the result being decidedly unfavorable. The soil became too light, and the resinous matter of the sawdust seemed to render it less suitable than before for grain or grass.

As litter, so far as regards keeping the animals clean, sawdust is very good, and in this respect that from pine is perhaps as good as that from hard wood; but a large bed of either kind for horses to stand on constantly is not good, though that from hard wood is less objectionable than that from pine. The hoofs of young horses have sometimes been much injured in this way. The heat of the sawdust keeps the hoofs dry, and the resinous matter renders them hard and brittle. The feet become hoof-bound, and when the animals are driven on the road, the hoofs sometimes crack badly.

For this reason we would keep pine sawdust away from the feet of horses, and would not use much of it as litter for other animals, because, as before observed, it does not make good manure. Considerable quantities of hardwood sawdust might be used for littering cattle, and if the manure was to be applied to a clayey soil, the sawdust would increase its value.—*Boston Cultivator.*

CULTURE OF GROWING WHEAT.—A writer in the Mark Lane Express argues that "of all crops wheat is most in need of tillage during its growth; for the climate requiring it to be sown in autumn, that it may get sufficient start in spring to give time for filling and ripening the ear, there are many months longer than are taken by any other crop, in which the efficiency of the preparatory tillage may be lost, the fine particles of soil coalescing again, and excluding the atmospheric supplies of nutriment; so that long before the crop has reached maturity, or come to that critical period of the setting of the bloom and swelling of the kernel (when the plants need good keeping, or will fail in fecundity), the land is almost as solid and impervious as it was before the seedbed preparation began."

Culture is only practicable under the drill system, and the shallow tillage generally given in England under that system is found profitable, but the writer above quoted, would have deeper and more thorough culture, like that practised under the Lois Weedon system of wheat growing, which is there found to go far to maintain the fertility of a naturally good soil without manure, as recently noticed.

TO PREVENT FORKED TREES FROM SPLITTING.—Every year many valuable trees, fruit and ornamental, are destroyed by the splitting of their trunks at the branching of the limbs. Surrounding the tree with iron hoops has sometimes been tried, but seldom with success. Inarching, or grafting the limbs on one side of the crotch to those on the other, has proved more efficacious. Bolting is another remedy, and, if well done, is a good one.

Several years ago, a fine maple on our premises began to split, and we treated it as follows: Taking an augur of suitable size, we bored a hole through the centre of the trunk where the split appeared, and inserted an iron bolt of the same size, having a large flat head on one end and a screw on the other. The bolt having been driven through, a nut was put on the screw end, and turned up snugly against the tree. Since then, the tree has flourished as well as before, the bark has grown entirely over the bolt-head and screw, and no signs of splitting have again appeared. A hole is sometimes bored, and a wooden pin driven in for the same purpose.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

CAUTION TO POULTRY-KEEPERS.—*Salt Not Good for Fowls.*—Gallinaceous birds, reared near the seaside, or on the banks of salt water streams, avoid the saline stream and search for food and drink as far inland as they can range. We know not how common salt could be administered to them; it is more wonderful whether the hens would pick it from the ground in its crystaline form, and it would be difficult to distribute it in equal doses by means of bread, &c., soaked in salt water. The chances are, that some of the fowls would be poisoned.

A friend of the writer, lost three very valuable fowls, as follows: "The cook," he says, "cast out to the manure heap some salt codfish, damaged, as she thought, in consequence of getting wet. The hens, by scratching, got to the fish, and ate it, and died immediately." Pigeons, we think, are the only domesticated birds to whose health salt is beneficial, and they prefer it in combination with animalized matter; the more offensive it is to our senses, the more agreeable it appears to theirs. Salt, in a liquid state, acts as an emetic with fowls as with dogs.

Fowls and Snow.—It is curious to see fowls, when, for the first time in their lives, their hen-house door opens to their view the white waste of a fall of snow; how they run in hasty fear, try one foot upon the yielding snow, and draw it back again; and at length venture out slowly and cautiously, and perhaps lose courage soon, and finally take to the wing back to the house. A little timely use of the shovel or broom, however, soon dissipates the snow and their fears, and [illegible] for exercise and change.—*Country Gentleman.*

FENCE POSTS.—Opinions differ as to the best seasons for cutting timber for posts. For ourselves we prefer December or June, for if cut in either month they will season rapidly, a process which destroys to a great extent the power of absorption, and therefore renders them more durable. Chestnut timber if cut in June, and the bark stripped off immediately, the cambium becomes almost as hard and durable as the heart-woods, especially for out-of-door use.

In splitting posts, commence by opening the heart at the top end of the post, and if the timber is in any way passable, the split will follow the heart through the length of the stick. If it slabs off, it will be much less loss of timber than if splitting is commenced at the butt end. In quartering, commence in the same way, or, if more convenient, start the wedge in the centre of the length, regarding the heart as the centre division. By the above methods good chestnut timber may be split of rail length almost fine enough for oven wood.

In the matter of setting posts, common practice is divided by two opinions—one is that the post should be set top down to insure durability, and *vice versa*. Under varying circumstances, either may be the best way. In our individual practice, we have found them most durable by a third at least, when set top down. Others may have found it different, and of course they think the other way the best. So we can only say every one to his notion in this matter.—*Country Gent.*

HOLLOW AIL.—I have a cow that was taken with the above disease about the middle of September last. I bored her horns and they discharged freely a number of weeks; meanwhile she seemed to do well, and gain her milk. Since then she will have spells of shrinking her milk, and will not eat, although I keep her horns open and they still discharge. If you, or any of your correspondents, can inform me what to do for her, you will confer a favor.

Remarks.—The horn should never be bored without the advice of some person who understands the structure and disease of the animal. If the horn had not been bored, the offensive matter would probably have passed off through the nostrils. It is a dangerous and cruel practice to mutilate the horns. The probability is that the disease with which your cow is afflicted is in some other organ rather than the horn. —*N. E. Farmer.*

HOW TO FEED FOWLS.—When my chickens are quite young I give them Indian meal five times a day, and when old enough to lay, about a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper with their meal once a week, for twelve hens. This, with plenty of lime and gravel, enables them to give near twenty dollars a year for their products.—*N. E. Farmer.*

KEEPING MILK SWEET.—A correspondent of the Homestead found that, in sending milk to market, though it left the dairy perfectly sweet, it was often curdled on delivery to customers. To remedy this, the cans were covered with cotton cloth soaked in salt water. By this method the curdling of the milk was entirely prevented.

WHITE-SKINNED VS. YELLOW-LEGGED FOWLS.—A marked preference is shown by many poultry dealers, for yellow-legged and yellow-skinned fowls—a preference easily traced back to their customers, as dealers generally buy most largely that which sells most readily. Wilson Flagg says, in the N. E. Farmer, that some years ago he heard a Frenchman remark that this supposed better quality was a mistaken idea—that the reverse was true. "In France," he added, "the yellow-legged chickens are considered unfit to be raised. Their flesh is dry and stringy, compared with that of the blue, black, and white-legged fowls, whose flesh is by far the most tender and juicy."

Mr. Flagg says that he has taken considerable pains to test the above remarks, and found them to be correct. "The yellow-skinned fowls have commonly either green or yellow legs; those with black, blue, or white legs have a white skin. There are some exceptions, but the exceptions are not numerous. "I raise," he adds:—"a great many chickens every year for my own table, calculating to supply it weekly with one pair, from July to February. They are all raised and fed in the same way, yet the yellow-legged individuals have almost always been found inferior to others with white skins. The last are the most tender, delicate and agreeable. There are occasional exceptions, but so frequently are the yellow-legged chickens dry-meated, compared wtih others, that I am surprised that our own countrymen have not discovered the fact."

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO WASH KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub a good quantity of soap on the flannel, and commence to rub the glove downwards, towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry. Old gloves will soon look nearly new; they will be soft, glossy, smooth, well-shaped and elastic.

TO CLEAN FRENCH KID GLOVES.—Put the gloves on your hand and wash, as if washing your hands, in some spirits of turpentine until quite clean; then hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a current of air, and all smell of the turpentine will be removed. This method is practiced in Paris, and since its introduction into this country, thousands of dollars have been gained.

TO CURE FEVER BLISTERS, OR COLD SORES, ON THE LIPS OR FACE.—Take a bit of saltpetre and dip it in the water and rub over the parts at the commencement, and it will prevent any further progress.

DRIED FRUIT—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.—Now is the time to preserve dried apples from becoming wormy next summer. The eggs of these worms, it is believed, are deposited in the fruit when drying, and their vitality can be destroyed by heat without injuring the fruit, if placed in an oven just long enough to heat as hot as it will bear without scorching or cooking. Take it hot from the oven and pack it in linen bags, and hang it up in a dry place.—*Scientific American.*

FORMULA FOR EGG-NOGG.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says:—Your readers will thank you by giving them once more the following formula for egg-nogg:

Take the yellow of sixteen eggs and twelve tablespoonsful of pulverized loaf sugar, and beat them to the consistence of cream; to this add two-thirds of a nutmeg grated, and beat well together; then mix in half a pint of good brandy or Jamaica rum, and two wine-glasses of Madeira wine. Have ready the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, and beat them into the above described mixture. When this is all done, stir in six pints of good rich milk. There is no heat used.

Egg-nogg made in this manner is digestible, and will not cause headache. It makes an excellent drink for debilitated persons, and a nourishing diet for consumptives.

HEAD CHEESE is much liked by most persons as a cold relish, and is an economical way of using the coarser parts of a pig. It may be prepared as follows:—Split a hog's or pig's head in two, and remove the eyes and brains. Cut off the ears, scald them and the head, and scrape them clean, removing the discolored parts. After washing well with cold water, put into a covered kettle with nearly boiling water enough to cover it. Boil gently, removing the scum from time to time, as it rises, and cook until the bones can be easily separated from the meat. Take out all the bones, chop fine and season with salt, pepper, adding sage or thyme, if liked. Enclose it in a bag or cloth, place it in a colander set in a dish to receive the drippings, and lay a plate over it with sufficient weight to press as dry as wanted. The heavier the weight, the more lean the cheese will be, as the fat is readily pressed out. Keep it in the cloth in a cool place. It should be sliced thin for table use.—*American Agriculturist.*

SINGULAR PECULIARITIES.—What an unaccountable medley of strength and weakness is man! Lord Bacon, it is said, fell back inanimate at the occurrence of an eclipse. The astute and erudite Erasmus was alarmed at the sight of an apple. Bayle, the great lexicographer, swooned at the noise made by some water, as it escaped, drop by drop, from a cock.—Henry of France, the third of that name, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnac, trembled from head to foot, at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the celebrated Duke d'Epernon's path, his blood stagnated in his veins. The masculine-minded Mary of Medicis fainted away whenever a nosegay was in sight. A shudder overcame the learned Scaliger on perceiving cresses. Ivan the Second, Czar of Muscovy, would faint away on seeing a woman; and Albert, a brave Field Marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground on discovering a sucking pig served up at his own table!

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 4, 17, 17, 41, 6, is the name of a girl.
My 27, 2, 22, 5, 39, is the name of a boy.
My 25, 16, 23, 20, 8, is a useful animal.
My 4, 36, 6, is a verb.
My 24, 26, 10, 10, 11, 36, is a metal.
My 24, 37, 30, 35, 32, 14, 7, is a vegetable.
My 12, 16, 24, 14, 26, 36, is a profession.
My 28, 18, 42, is what every person does.
My 24, 3, 22, 13, 35, is a useful article in a house.
My 1, 2, 8, 28, 28, every person delights in.
My 38, 32, 28, 6, is a part of the face.
My 34, 13, 9, is a word in the German language.
My 19, 29, 40, 21, is a large river in Europe.
My 33, 18, 40, 40, is less than a mountain.
My 35, 18, 35, 9, is a musical instrument.
My 31, 4, 18, 40, is a place to confine prisoners.
My 15, 36, 11, 40, 4, 5, 1, is one of the British isles.
My whole is an interesting book. J. & F.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 2, 7, 14, 16, is a conveyance.
My 4, 14, 3, 8, is an interjection.
My 6, 5, 2, 16, 2, 12, 2, is a river in New York.
My 8, 4, 9, 12, 6, is a companion of the rose.
My 10, 9, 8, 4, 5, 6, 7, is not anything.
My 12, 5, 16, 7, 6, 16, is part of a ship.
My 14, 12, 8, 10, is a metal.
My 16, 9, 1, 15, is worn by ladies.
My 13, 5, 12, 2, 7, 9, is a termagant.
My whole is the name of a celebrated poet and writer. I. M. B.
Mineral Ridge, Ohio.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Walking through the forest,
If you chance should be,
You'll be sure to see me
Hugging every tree.

O'er the lake's smooth bosom,
Would you love to glide;
Neath the tender moonbeams,
You in me might ride.

Often in the country,
When night hath settled round,
You're very apt to find me;—
To some a welcome sound.

W. WINDSOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's what children often do,
For which sometimes they get a whipping.
My second they would cry to do,
Unless they were fast a sleeping.
My whole is what we daily do,
If, indeed, we wish good keeping.

JAMES P. JONES.
Corinth, Tishamingo Co., Miss.

RIDDLE.

Oh, wretched I! oh, hapless wight!
Still to be out, and still forsaken!
Who never, never can be right,
And nowhere, nowhere ever taken.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain gentleman had a fine nursery of apple trees, consisting of as many rows of small trees as there were trees in each row. Now, transplanting them in a number of equal orchards, setting as many trees in a row as he made rows in each orchard, he found that he thus could plant twenty orchards less than he formerly had rows in his nursery, and had ninety-two trees left. The number of trees in the nursery are required; as also the number of trees in each orchard?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the diagonals of a square whose side is 80 inches, 17 equal circles are drawn. Required the radius of each, and the greatest number possible in the entire square?

If in each vacant space 4 similar circles be drawn, and above them 2 others of like size, will the middle ones of either tier overlap? If so, by how much? if not, what vacancy between their circumference? M. DURANT.
Norfolk, Mason Co., Ky.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SAMUEL A. CUNNINGHAM.

☞ Why does a poet always have to contend with great difficulties? Ans.—Because it is always adverse with him (add-verse.)

☞ Why should a squirrel be considered a busybody? Ans.—Because he is a great tailbearer.

☞ Why is the point where the rays are gathered by a burning-glass like the anathema of an enemy? Ans.—Because it is a foe cus (focus.)

☞ What motive do the cars have for running so constantly from city to city? Ans.—A Locomotive.

☞ From what kind of vice do prodigates always turn? Ans.—Advice.

Shrewbury Hill, Indiana.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—We often condemn in others what we practice ourselves. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Sir Walter Scott. ENIGMA—Steam. PUZZLE—Zaphnath-paaneah, Gen. chap. 41, v. 45. CHARADE—Mis(s)cellany. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—18.621 versed sine.

☞ Thewald thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanic garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "that is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favor of roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge.*

☞ He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*